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Political Theater, by Charles Krauthammer

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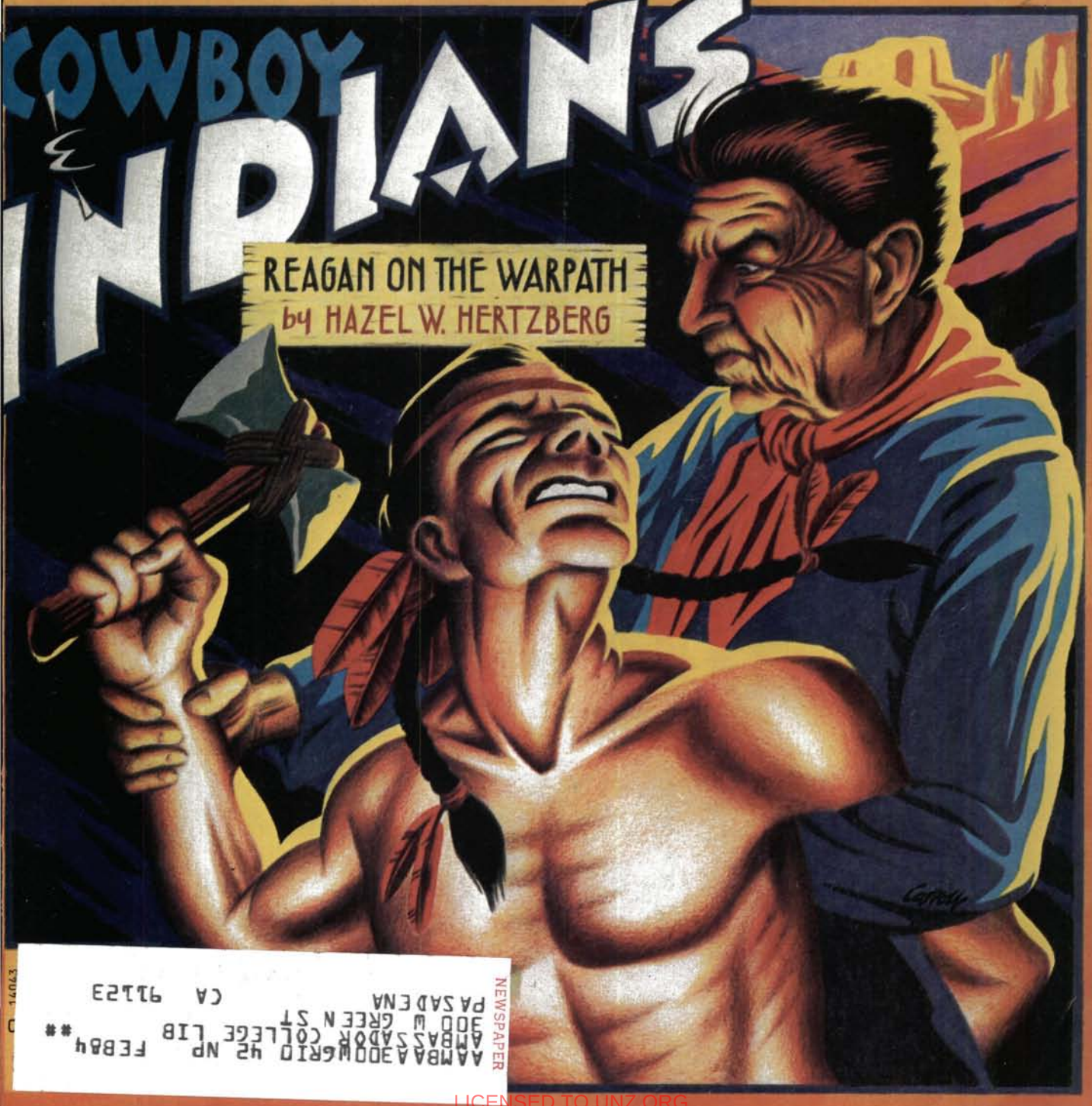

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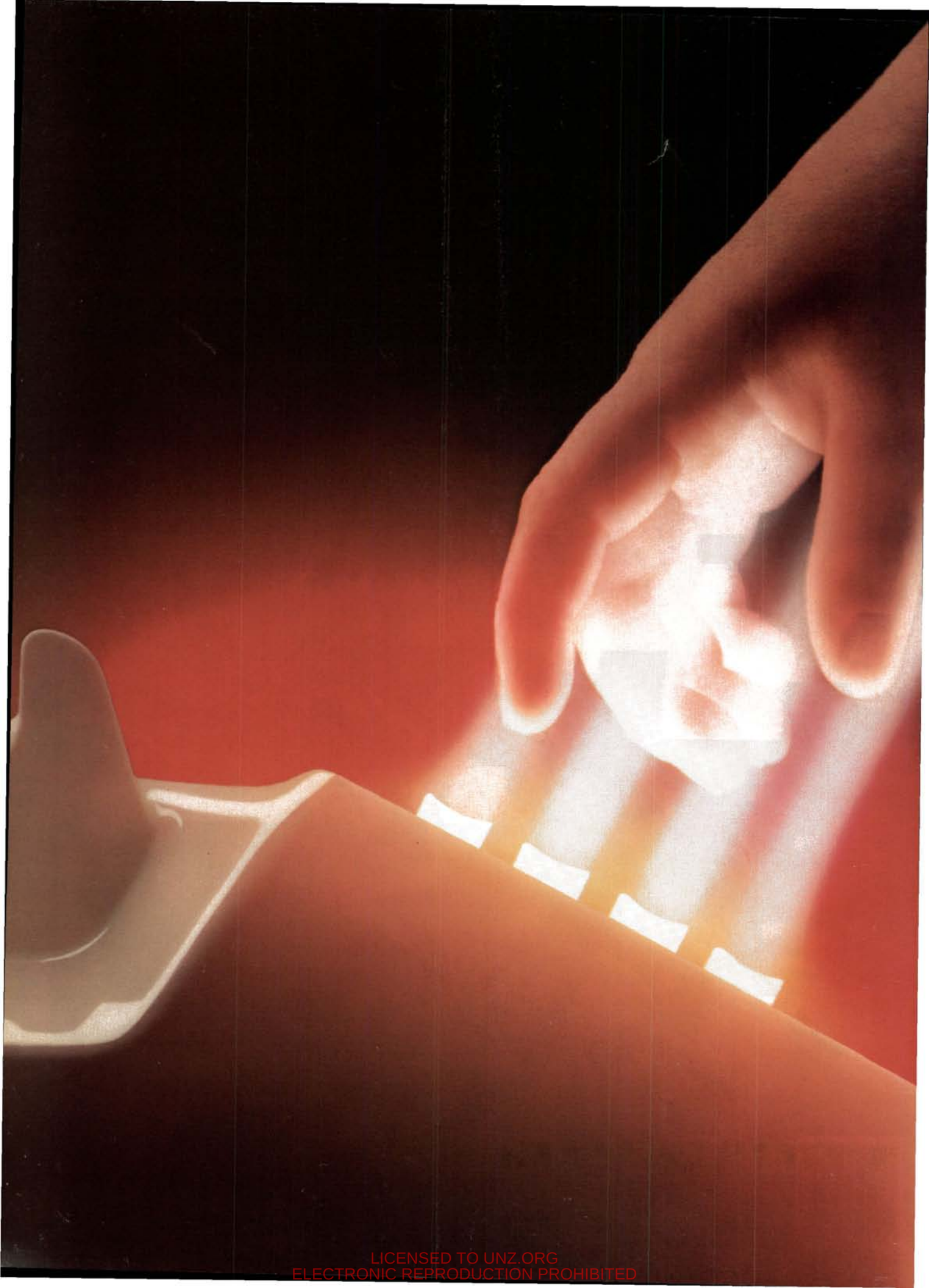

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Technology and Art

On the back of the one dollar bill is a Latin inscription: *annuit coeptis*. It means: be favorable to bold enterprise. Benjamin Franklin chose this motto because he believed initiative and innovation were singular characteristics of the people he helped forge into a new nation.

This is still true today. But like an acorn that will not grow into an oak without water, innovation must be irrigated or it will wither. Initiative needs to be nurtured or it will not take root.

That is partly why United Technologies spends more on research and development than all but six other U.S. corporations, most of them substantially larger than ours.

It also partly explains why we contribute to the arts. As with research and development, United Technologies is a leader in supporting the arts. In fact, as a percentage of total corporate giving, our corporation contributes about three times the national average to the arts.

Why is a high-technology corporation involved in the arts? Actually, the world of technology and the world of art are not that much different. Both rely on the imagination of the individual. Both strive for innovation and excellence. Both provoke our thoughts, uplift our spirits, and improve and enrich our lives.

The fruits of technology, like the best of art, sometimes puzzle us, oftentimes stir us, but always rivet our attention. Art and technology both present the uncommon marvel of daring and deliberation working together, each carried to its highest level.

Art and technology both reflect bold enterprise. Neither is a slave to tradition. Neither believes in change for its own sake. Neither is limited by what others believe possible. Both seek to explore the bounds of imagination.

Nearly 400 years ago, in the last half of the 16th century, Queen Elizabeth of England came upon Sir Walter Mildmay, one of her court favorites, whom she had not seen for some time. "Sir Walter," she inquired, "where have you been?" Mildmay, who had been away establishing Emanuel College at Cambridge, answered, "Madam, I have been away planting an acorn. And when it becomes an oak, God only knows *what* it will amount to."

Art, like research and development, begins as an acorn. Nurtured and irrigated, the acorn can grow to the fullest. And what the harvest brings from this effort will amount to a bold enterprise indeed.

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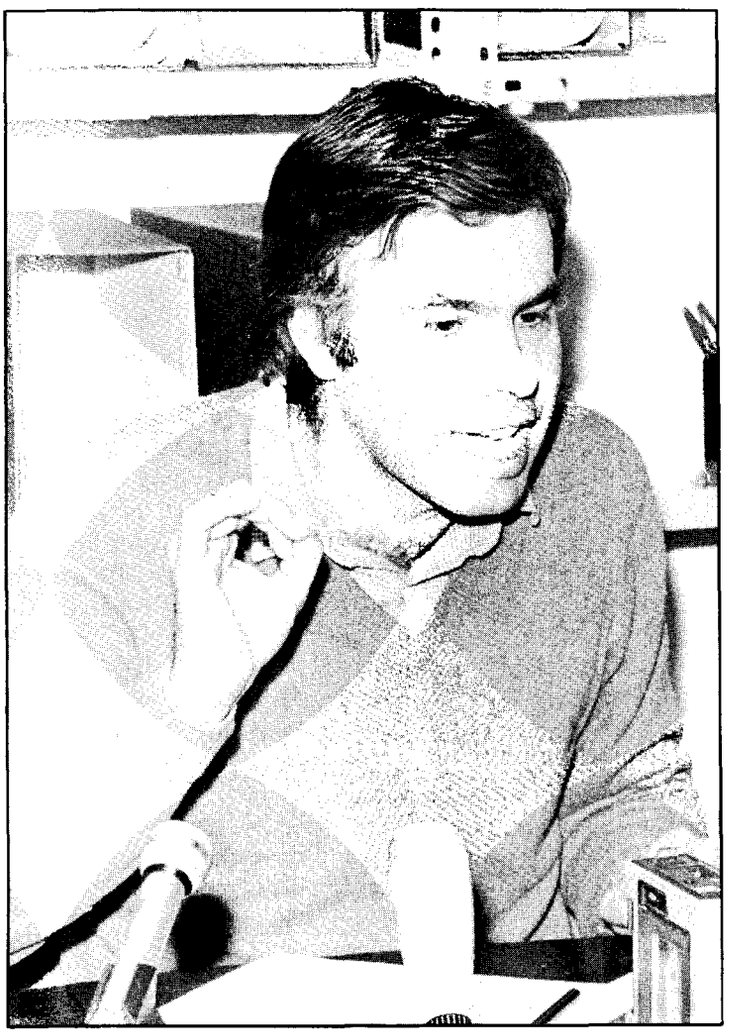
age, more schooling, price controls on basic goods, expanded trade union rights, national health care, increased pensions, day care centers. The only candidate for nationalization is the electricity grid. Socialism itself —whatever that may ultimately mean—is something González contemplates only for a future decade. Yet the changes he proposes, however modest they may seem by West European standards, will be profound in a country where the legacy of the Franco years includes a swollen, often corrupt bureaucracy, privileges for the rich, and a level of social welfare far below that of most of Western Europe.

The man who will direct that change is an extraordinary combination of charismatic leader, idealist, moralist, and pragmatic politician who evokes hope and trust and love in the way John and Robert Kennedy did in the United States. He is the only leader in Spain known universally by his first name. Normally cynical journalists can't find anything critical to write about him. Felipe González is a political phenomenon, and he will need all his talents to deal with the country's problems: 16 percent unemployment, 14 percent inflation, Basque terrorism, and a still-shaky democratic system.

On election day, as he rested at the home of a friend in the north of Madrid and puffed on one of his ever-present Havana Cohiba cigars, González told me that many of his supporters were voting not for socialism but for a new national vision—"the moral impulse that can move us to solidarity," an attempt to end the public passivity and division of the Franco era. He expresses that vision in patriotic, not ideological, terms. "Spaniards must learn to find themselves and to create their own future under a single flag," he said. "The Roman bridges are ours, the cathedrals are ours, the cultural flowering of Christians, Moslems, and Jews in Andalusia is ours, *Don Quixote* is ours. I want to connect the Spain of the ages with the Spain of today."

There are still unreconstructed *franquistas* in the army, though they are in the minority, and the Socialist government will make judicious use of the appointment power to weed out anticonstitutional elements. There is some hope the army will be calmed by the rout of the Communists, who dropped from nearly 11 percent to under 4 percent, and by the feeling that their interests are represented by the rightist Popular Alliance, which fed on the collapse of the center to win a quarter of the votes. A survey of military voting in Madrid showed that 63 percent supported the Popular Alliance—but more than 22 percent voted Socialist.



FELIPE GONZÁLEZ, FROM 'EL SOCIALISTA'

"In Spain," González told me, "democracy needs a moderate left and a moderate right to be successful." The Socialists already play the role of a moderate left, and much depends on whether the Popular Alliance can be induced to move toward the center and occupy the moderate right part of the political spectrum. González plans to give formal recognition to the Popular Alliance's chief, a former Franco minister named Manuel Fraga Iribarne, as the official leader of the opposition, and to grant Fraga an annual salary just one peseta lower than his own. (González was denied such status when he led the largest party in the opposition.) The Socialists had originally planned to plaster the country with posters emblazoned FELIPE PRESIDENTE as soon as the results were in. On election day, González vetoed the idea. He didn't want to rub the right's noses in their defeat.

Yet many people fear that Fraga will use the parliament to mount a destabilizing barrage of criticism and set the stage for the army to "save" the country. A rightist businessman told me with relish that this would happen in two years. That is unlikely. Though big business financed the right, they are realists: the head of the major business federation had his TV message of congratulations to the Socialists taped and in the can two days before the election. He and his colleagues know their future now depends on working with the Socialists.

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González is politically and emotionally committed to the West. But America will have to accept his insistence on the priority of national interest in Spain as it is learning it must do for the rest of Europe. The U.S. will also have to get used to Felipe González adopting positions that show less reverence for superpowers than has been the habit of past Spanish regimes. (On election night, González recalled with amusement a remark of his that upset both Americans and Russians: in a discussion of personal security in democratic and totalitarian societies, he once said, "I would rather be knifed at the entrance to the New York subway but live freely, than have the absolute security of Moscow, the security of the cemetery.")

UNDER GONZÁLEZ, Spain will be more active in Latin America than it has been at any time since colonial days. "We will intensify our relations with Latin America," he told me. "In many Latin American countries there are structural causes of misery, exploitation, and lack of solidarity that have created explosive situations. Those structural causes must be eradicated within a society that functions democratically. If we don't succeed in the effort to open democratic social participation in the Ibero-American continent, there will be explosions in these countries that will force them to choose between the harsh dictatorship of some elements of the military, supported by an oligarchy, and a revolution that substitutes a rigid totalitarianism of the left."

In our interview, González spoke of the United States respectfully but without awe. "The history of relations between the U.S. and Spain weighs heavily on Spain," he said. "The democratic Spanish people is a people that doesn't have much to thank the U.S. for. Nevertheless, it is not hostile to the U.S. We haven't had the huge demonstrations that there have been in other countries. Still, the U.S. is losing the good opinion of the youth of Europe, here and elsewhere. European youth does not remember that the U.S. participated in the liberation of Europe, as does the generation of Schmidt, Mitterrand, Callaghan, Mrs. Thatcher, and Willy Brandt. People under forty in Europe have two searing memories, one of Vietnam, the other of the polemics over nuclear arms. That separation, that ungluing between European youth and the U.S. is something that worries me.

"As a Spaniard born in 1942, as a child, I saw the first U.S. soldiers arrive to strengthen and support the regime of General Franco. That was probably one reason, though not the only reason, why we had thirty more years of dictatorship. But I not only have no rancor, I want there to be relations of friendship, because we belong to the same world, we have the same values that we ought to share with sincerity and without mistrust. That's the message I want to give, more to the people than to the government of the U.S.—that they remember that this country wants to live in dignity and friendship with the U.S., but not in dependence."

This new Spanish nationalism may lead to policies that raise the hackles of the Reagan Administration. The Socialists oppose Spanish entrance into the military command of NATO, a process begun after Spain signed the North Atlantic Treaty in June. González argues that Spain's defenses along the southern flank, from the Canaries to Gibraltar to the Balearic Islands, cannot be submitted to a joint command. "If there is a threat to the Western world, we would defend it, but we can't establish our defenses according to the priorities of NATO," he told me. Spain doesn't have the resources for two defenses, he said. And he reaffirmed that the U.S. bases agreement, not yet ratified by Spain, would have to be changed to eliminate plans that assume Spain's integration into the NATO defense system. This, González said, is a matter of national sovereignty and dignity.

U.S. diplomats here have been telling American correspondents that González is not serious, that Spain will enter the NATO command on schedule, and that renegotiation of the bases agreement would be difficult or even impossible. If this is what they have been reporting in their cables back to the State Department, they are making a serious mistake. From the beginning of his political career, González has been known as a man of his word, and during the election campaign he was careful to promise nothing that he could not plausibly deliver. If Felipe González says he wants to stay out of the NATO command and renegotiate the agreements, Washington would be well advised to stop thinking about whether and start thinking about how and when.

LUCY KOMISAR

Lucy Komisar has reported on Spain since 1977.

The hot tin stove league.

BASEBALL? BOINGBALL.

AT THE OPENING of the 1978 baseball season, I wrote optimistically in these pages of the future of the game ("Another Good Season," TNR, April 22, 1978), noting that despite the introduction of the livelier ball, despite the use of aluminum and plastic bats below the level of the major leagues, and despite Charlie Finley and Bowie Kuhn, the game seemed to be thriving. But after watching several games in the new Minneapolis Metrodome, and watching as much of the recent World Series between the Cardinals of St. Louis and the Brewers of Milwaukee as I could stand, I have begun to wonder whether the integrity of the game, and the validity of its statistics, can survive in an era of domed stadiums and the artificial turf they contain.

Actually the domes would be all right if one could

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play in them on something other than artificial turf. It is the turf that changes the game. Even to call it artificial turf is to offend against language. In their natural state baseball diamonds were never said to be turfed. As one moved up the scale of baseball, one went from the sandlot, to the diamond with dirt infield and grass outfield, and finally to the diamond with grass infield, grass outfield, and dirt basepaths. There was no such thing as "turf," whether natural or counterfeit. In any case, the covering called "artificial turf" is not turf of any kind. It is not even a carpet or rug, but some kind of plastic conglomerate, possibly suitable for tennis, which, it seems, can be played on almost any surface: clay, grass, plastic, wood, rubber, cement, or ground glass.

I BEGAN to have doubts about the future of the game one night as I listened to a broadcast from the Minneapolis Metrodome. The Twins were not doing very well, not just that night but in season play. I had read that the owner and manager of the team had explained the poor play by saying that the team had been built up in anticipation of playing on grass in the old outdoor park, and that the team was not tailored to the conditions under which the dome game was being played—mostly the size and shape of the enclosure and the quality of the playing surface (plus a few minor adjustments such as learning how to catch balls that had hit loudspeakers or support cables). Yet as I listened to the broadcast, I was puzzled by the announcers' comments. They would say things like, "This is a pitchers' duel, a tight one. It's the bottom of the third inning, it's tied at five and five, each team has ten hits, but neither one has hit a home run." Or they would say, "It's a long fly. The outfielder is running in on it." Or, "The shortstop has just made a great leaping catch of a ground ball on third hop."

When I saw my first game in the new facility, my confusion cleared up but my doubts deepened. Outfielders did indeed run in on long flies, hoping to catch the ball on the second or third rebound bounce rather than have it go over their heads on the first bounce off the turf after rebounding from the wall. Yet outfielders seldom charged a short fly, or even a "Texas Leaguer," but most often turned tail and raced for the wall, looking back over their shoulders for the first hop as the ball returned from the stratosphere.

The infield game was something else. Nothing normal about it. There were easy two-hop plays, and occasionally a ball might bounce three times in the infield, on a deep play, before it was handled. There were few good plays by traditional standards. Mostly it was brilliant grabs, errors, base hits through the infield, and base hits *within* the infield, especially from balls that hit resilient turf somewhere between home plate and the pitcher's mound and then sprang twenty or thirty feet into the air—the runner making it to first base while the infielder waited patiently for the ball to descend.

And then came this year's World Series. The games played in Milwaukee were played on grass. But in St. Louis, in an open stadium, in a city that has good annual rainfall, where grass grows well, and where the team's owner, Gus Busch, could afford a good groundskeeper, the games were played on "the carpet." Milwaukee won two out of three on the grass. They lost three out of four on the carpet. There were two wholly different kinds of game played, depending on the covering. The victor was not the Cardinals, but the turf. Ground balls that under normal circumstances could have been caught slithered through the infield for hits. Hits that should have been singles at most rolled to the wall for doubles and triples. High bouncers, hit by St. Louis batters schooled, by report, to hit down on the ball, sailed over the pitcher's head. The turf was so bad that it actually played better in the rain.

So much for the game. Bad enough. But more serious, in the long run, is the effect on the statistics.

It is obvious that if the statistics that have been kept for over a hundred years, giving stability and continuity to the game of baseball, are to have any objective historical relevance, new scoring principles and methods will have to be introduced to reflect the differences between games played on artificial turf and those played on grass. Hits, errors, earned runs, extra base hits—everything is of a different order. Certainly all of the basic statistics should be separated—batting, fielding, pitching. Those made on grass could be incorporated into the established record books, those made on turf kept separate. Balls that hit the ground within an arc, drawn and marked on the field at say, thirty feet from home plate, and that are caught before they touch the ground to bounce a second time, could be treated as though they were simple fly balls. Two short outfielders might be introduced, allowed to move within a limited range, as some soccer players are restricted, and permitted to catch or stop only ground balls. I anticipate that unless rules are changed or the turf banned or improved, we may enter an era in which the positions of shortstop and second base, formerly occupied by quick, small men, such as Rizzuto, Lazzeri, Crosetti, Fox, and others of modest stature, will be filled by men who are seven feet tall, with long arms and great leaping abilities. Reach, not movement, will become the important attribute. Announcers, instead of saying of an infielder that he has great lateral movement, will say he has great vertical movement. And instead of praising outfielders who, like Willie Mays, could "go back and get them," we will revere outfielders for their ability to play the angles, the rebounds, the caroms.

The alternative is to turn off the television broadcasts of baseball games, as I did during the Series, and to amuse oneself playing Atari baseball, which Billy Martin likes, or the rival Intellivision, which George Plimpton says is better.

EUGENE J. MCCARTHY

Eugene J. McCarthy is a poet, politician, and ballplayer.

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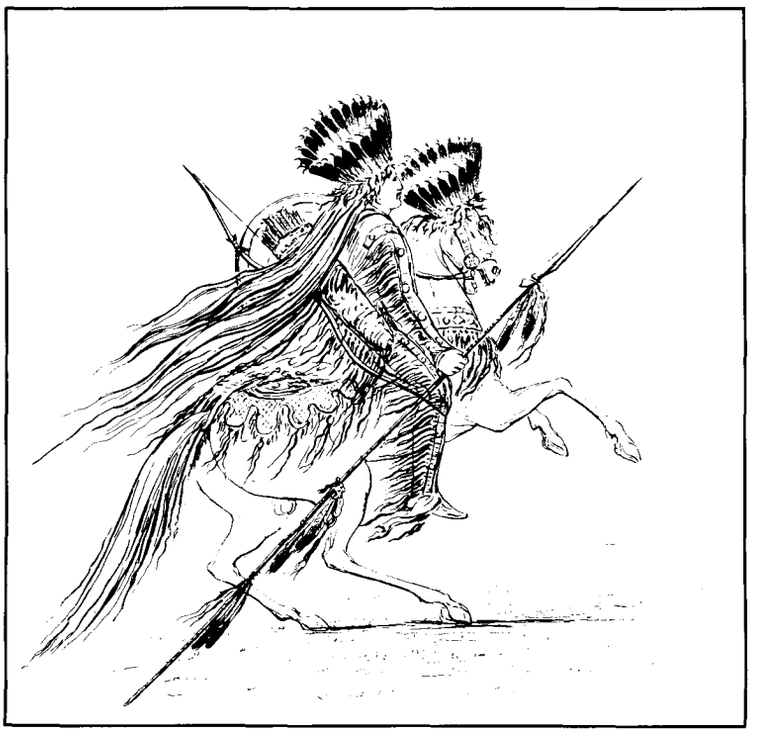
In Indian country, the budget is very bad news.

REAGANOMICS ON THE RESERVATION

BY HAZEL W. HERTZBERG

THE ONLY MEMBER of a minority group ever elected to national office in the United States was a Republican and a Native American, Charles Curtis of Kansas, a Kansa Indian who served as Vice President under Herbert Hoover. Curtis is one of a number of examples that add up to a good case for the Indian record of the Republican Party. Another is the famous Meriam Report, commissioned by Calvin Coolidge at a time of considerable disarray in Indian affairs. That report is still remembered by Indians for its accuracy, sensitivity, and balance; its proposals began to be implemented under Hoover, laying the basis for the more extensive reforms of the Indian New Deal. Nor does the Republican claim to a good Indian record end with Hoover. Under Richard Nixon, the people of Taos Pueblo got back their sacred Blue Lake, for which Native Americans and their friends had fought for many years. Under Gerald Ford, the Indian Self Determination Act of 1975 gave the tribes the right to administer a number of services, thus enlarging Indians' opportunity to run their own reservations.



GEORGE CATLIN, 'CROW HORSEMAN,' CIRCA 1833

The Reagan Administration's Indian policy is emphatically not in this Republican tradition. Actually the Administration has no distinctly Indian policy at all. Rather, Reaganomics and the "new federalism" are simply being applied mechanically to Indians, for whom they are even less appropriate than for the rest of the population. A sample of how this works in a rhetorical sense appears in the prose of Reagan's assistant secretary of the Interior for Indian Affairs, Ken Smith, a Warm Springs Indian, formerly his tribe's business manager, whose incompetence has reportedly alarmed even Interior Secretary James Watt. Smith recently offered the Indian Economic Development Seminar the following capsule version of American history: "What made America great? Who developed it? It was not the governments of this country. It was the entrepreneur who took chances. Some failed; others succeeded. Our Indian people can succeed."

Smith, though, doesn't make Indian policy. It's in the Office of Management and Budget that the Reagan Administration's Indian policy is made, and it has very little to do with Indian needs and a great deal to do with budgetary theory. It's a classic case of policy flowing from the budget, rather than the other way around.

The tribes are being impaled on a theory that is clearly inapplicable to Indians. The federal government's relationship to the tribes, based partly on treaties, is unlike its relationship to any other group of Americans. The tribes are "domestic dependent nations" that deal directly with the federal government. They are not political subdivisions of the states. Nor are they what most state and federal statutes would define as local governments. They generally receive no funds from state governments, with which they maintain a distant and often uneasy relationship. Under a few federal welfare pro-

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grams, such as food stamps and AFDC, funds are passed through the states to Indian recipients. But the direct, powerful, and historical relationship is federal government to Indian tribe.

Some 287 tribes are "federally recognized," ranging from tribelets like the Havasupai to the largest tribe of all, the Navajos, who make up a fifth of the whole reservation population. The Indians call this collectivity "Indian country." For these tribes the Bureau of Indian Affairs holds in trust about fifty-three million acres of land. In addition, the feds have responsibility for delivery of such services as education, health, and welfare, and are charged with assisting and strengthening tribal governments.

By and large reservation economies are weak and almost entirely dependent on the federal government. Economically they are much like third world countries. Many reservations are located in isolated areas far from markets and transportation. They tend to be long on scenery but short on resources. There are exceptions: some tribes have valuable minerals, timber, or fishing rights. The thirty-four tribes belonging to CERT (the Coalition of Energy Resource Tribes) together own about one-third of the low sulphur strippable coal in the West, about 5 percent of the onshore oil and gas resources, about half of all privately owned uranium, and substantial quantities of oil shale and tar sands. Most tribes aren't so lucky. Whether well provided with natural resources or not, however, the reservations lack infrastructure—a workable system of roads, water, sewage disposal, electricity, and telephones. Though a few tribes have tribally owned (and usually anemic) enterprises, there is only a minuscule private sector in spite of several decades of effort to create one. Therefore the tribal government tax base is virtually nonexistent. On top of all this, reservation people on the whole have not developed the management skills they need to administer tribal governments and tribal enterprises effectively, or to attract private enterprise to the reservation. Reservation Indians are the poorest people in the nation, with the lowest income, the fewest economic opportunities, the highest death rate, and the least education.

UNTIL THE 1960, the main federal agency dealing with the tribes was the Bureau of Indian Affairs, complemented by the Indian Health Service, which had been transferred from the B.I.A. to the U.S. Public Health Service in 1953. During the 1960s and 1970s, though, Congress specifically included Indians in a number of new programs directed to the general welfare. The B.I.A. remained the sole trustee of Indian lands, but by 1980 over half the federal funds going to Indian reservations came from other agencies. The Department of Housing and Urban Development provided the first real reservation housing program, financing over 90 percent of all new Indian housing. CETA furnished much of the manpower for the operation of tribal governments, courts, and law enforcement—some 10,000 jobs—by 1981. The Department of Health and Human Services sponsored programs to help tribal governments acquire managerial skills. The Economic Development Administration in the Department of Commerce sponsored public works projects, business loans, and technical assistance—the bulk of economic development money available to Indians. The Legal Services Corporation became an integral part of the legal and judicial processes on many reservations. The Community Services Administration supported reservation community development programs. The Indian Desk of the Department of Energy helped to fund CERT.

The expansion of federal programs beyond the B.I.A. meant more money, more services, more jobs flowing into the reservations. Though tribal people were still bitterly poor, the tribes were probably better off in the late 1970s than they had been for decades. Indians began to glimpse the possibility that they might not have to put up with high unemployment, bad housing, and poor sanitation forever.

BUT THE NEW PROGRAMS also brought problems. In some places they created power centers that encouraged the factionalism that is the bane of reservation life. Some tribes had great difficulty handling unaccustomedly large sums of money. Worst of all, the tribes were now highly vulnerable because well over half of their funding was coming from new programs that could be much more easily eliminated than could the venerable B.I.A. And these were precisely the programs that the Reagan Administration set out to jettison.

The Reagan Indian policy turned out to be a carbon copy of the general Reagan domestic policy: cut the budget and turn federal functions over to the localities, leaving in place, of course, the famous safety net. But for the tribes, the federal government isn't just the safety net—it's the whole circus. The tribes can't turn to the states for help, and reservation economies have little or no tax base for the tribal governments to tap.

Under President Reagan's original budget plan for fiscal 1982, much of the safety net consisting of the Indian programs outside the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Indian Health Service was to be cut away immediately. The Reagan Administration proposed to abolish the Economic Development Administration, the Legal Services Corporation, the Indian Desk at the Department of Energy, and the public service employment portions of CETA. Future funding for HUD Indian housing was to be stopped. The water and sanitation construction fund of the Indian Health Service, which normally supplied the HUD housing, was also slated for destruction, raising the possibility that housing units under construction would end up with no water and no sewage systems.

One of the money-saving proposals advanced for fiscal year 1982 was an Indian version of block grants for B.I.A. programs. Ten programs that the tribes were already administering (including scholarships, voca-

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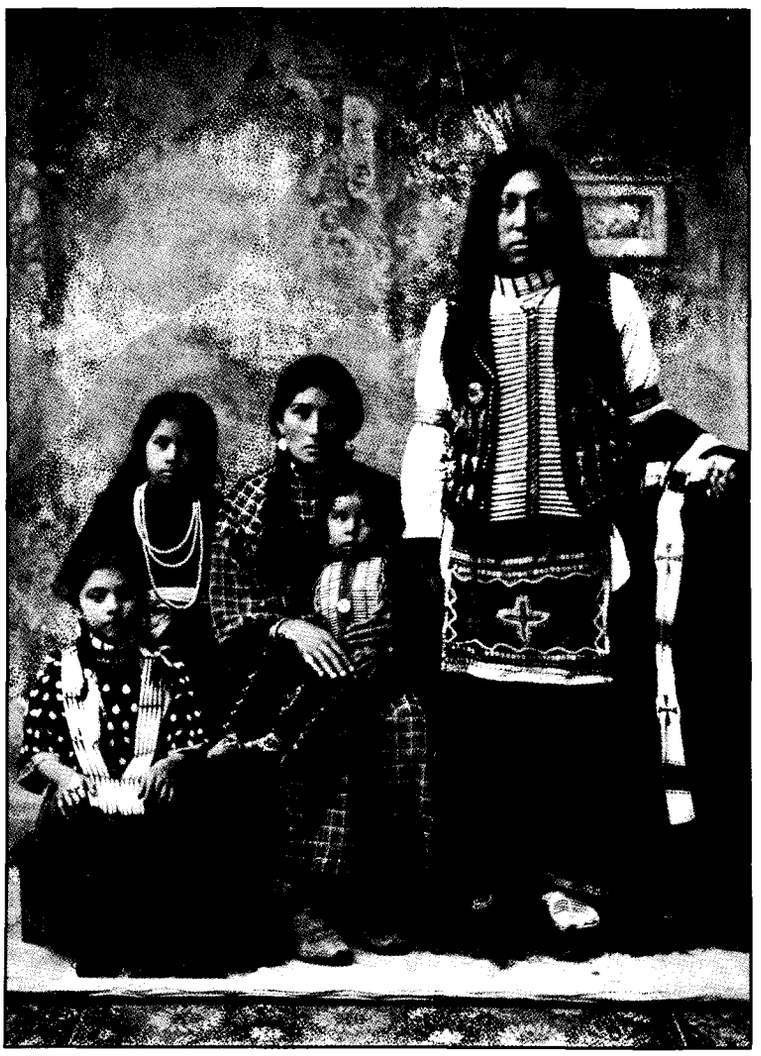
tional education, housing, employment, agricultural extension, and fire protection) were to be rolled into a block grant, with a lump sum allocated to each reservation. The idea was to provide more flexibility to individual tribes in meeting local needs.

However, there was a catch. For the first year, indirect costs, such as bookkeeping and insurance, were to be figured in the lump sum made available to each tribe. From then on, each tribe would have to pay its own overhead. Even though the Indian Self-Determination Act specifies that the federal government must pay both the direct and indirect costs of services administered by the tribes under contract, Reagan's O.M.B. maintained that no such exceptions could be made for the Indians. Since the states were going to have to pay the indirect costs of the new block grants, so must the tribes. But where were impoverished tribal governments supposed to find the extra money? The Administration and the tribes are still arguing with each other about this aspect of the block grant program.



INDIANS FROM A RESERVATION IN SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO, 1897 B.I.A. PHOTO

When the 1982 budget for Indian programs finally emerged from Congress, most of the non-B.I.A. programs had been saved —but with greatly reduced funding. It didn't take long for the effects of the cuts to be felt on the reservations. A report issued by the Navajo Nation last January told the story. Between 1980 and 1981, Navajo per capita income fell from $2,200 to $1,700 a year. By January 1982 the overall unemployment rate on the Navajo reservation was a staggering 72 percent, up from 49.7 percent and 38 percent the previous two years. In the two densely populated areas where over half the Navajo population lives, the rates were 83 percent and 85 percent. This drastic loss of jobs stemmed directly from cuts in federal funds—for CETA, housing, education, health, economic development, courts, and other services. This was just the beginning. The Navajos reported that the public housing program had been terminated. Sewer and water hookups for already completed housing had been stopped. The emergency ambulance service was slated for defunding. Local clinics were closed. The Community Health Representative program, which used Navajos to deliver health care in areas far from the nearest medical facility, had come to a halt. The Office of Native Healing, which supported research in the use of traditional medicines, was closed. A hiring freeze was reducing by attrition the number of physicians and nurses on the reservation. People had less money for food and no source of credit. The public assistance, emergency and disaster funds had been sharply reduced. The trading posts no longer gave credit or loans for pawn. Navajo businessmen were on the verge of bankruptcy. Tribal enterprises were laying off workers or coming to the tribal council for bailouts. Even the market for Navajo handicrafts, the traditional source of supplemental income, vanished. School construction stopped and the education future looked dim. Funding for Navajo students in public schools (which most Navajo pupils attend) was to be slashed. Financial aid for Navajo college students and funding for the Navajo Community College were to drop by a third. Finally, the tribe's past economic gains had been erased by the pressure to divert development and investment funds to meet subsistence needs. So serious is the crisis in Navajoland that Navajos class it with the "Long Walk," when the Navajos were conquered in the nineteenth century.

The Navajos are the largest tribe in the United States, and one of the richest, but their current situation is not very different from that of many smaller tribes. Take the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation in the State of Washington, for example. The Colville Reservation is 95 percent dependent on timber sales. When the recession forced milling companies like Crown Zellerbach to cut their timber purchases by two-thirds, it

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meant disaster for the tribes. Almost a third of the tribal employees were dismissed, and most of the rest no longer work full time. The number of rent or loan delinquencies in the tribal public housing doubled. The tribal Housing Authority had to cut rents, further decreasing tribal income. In the tribal court, the number of alcohol-related crimes rose.

The Colville experience shows what can happen to a reservation that ties itself firmly to the national economy, as Indians have been urged to do in order to lessen their dependence on the federal government. In good times this course promises Indians a share in the national prosperity. But in bad times it's especially devastating. The tribe is like a remote company town stranded when the company moves, left without the services that local and state government provide, and both unable and unwilling to move from ancestral lands communally held and revered.

The impact of Reaganomics on the Navajos and the Colvilles has been duplicated on many other reservations. And the 1983 Reagan budget does not deviate from a course that has already caused so much distress in Indian country. The new budget proposes to demolish what was left of the Great Society and the poverty programs. Again, the Administration seeks to abolish the Economic Development Administration, the Legal Services Corporation, and the Department of Energy along with its Indian Desk. There is to be no funding for Indian housing in HUD; in addition, the Administration wants a recision of an appropriation for 4,000 Indian housing units that was passed last year against its wishes. How many more Indian jobs will evaporate is uncertain, but it's likely to be at least double the 10,000 already gone. Further cuts are proposed in education, including aid to public school districts that have significant numbers of reservation Indian children. If the Administration has its way, only a few shreds and patches will be left of the programs that accounted for over half the government funding for the reservations when Reagan took office.

The old established Indian agencies—the Indian Health Service and the B.I.A.—fare comparatively better in the 1983 Reagan budget. But they too face new cuts, especially in the health field. For example, the scholarship program for Indians in health careers is to be phased out. The Administration wants to eliminate the Community Health Representative Program, managed by the tribes, which has been an essential link between the Indian Health Service hospitals and people in remote communities. Indian nurses, medical technicians, maternal and child health staff, alcohol and drug abuse workers, and emergency medical technicians will lose their jobs. A drastic cut is also in store for sanitation programs for Indian communities and homes. There is no replacement, no safety net for any of these programs that directly affect the everyday lives of Indian people.

The big B.I.A. "initiative" for fiscal year 1983 is an economic development fund of $10 million to encourage private investment in reservations. For any given project, the B.I.A. will provide no more than 25 percent of the capital; the rest must be scraped together from tribal or other nonfederal sources. This tribute to private enterprise appears just as an existing Indian economic development fund—almost twice as big and considerably more flexible—is about to vanish, together with the rest of the doomed Economic Development Administration.

OUT IN INDIAN COUNTRY, skyrocketing unemployment and the severe retrenchment in federal programs came as a shock to most tribes. Jerry Flute, who was chairman of the Sisseton-Wahpeton Sioux from 1973 to 1981 and is now a staff member of the Association on American Indian Affairs, puts it this way: "Unfortunately, the tribes were not prepared for the adverse effects of Reaganism. They were going their merry way, not anticipating what was going to happen. Most of them had no contingency plans. Today the tribes are in deep trouble trying to deal with their problems. They can never get a consistent figure as to what funds they're going to get. When the Council is sitting around trying to figure out how to pay the damn phone bill or whether they can afford enough gas to run three police cars or two, it's pretty confusing to hear that the budget is going to be cut even more. The best word to describe the situation in Indian country today is 'chaotic.' "

When the 1983 budget hits Indian country, there's going to be more chaos. A lot more people will be out of work and a lot more services will be cut. Tribal governments will be in despair and there's a serious danger that because they can't deliver, democratic tribal government itself will lose credibility with the Indian voters.

There's no indication that the Administration has learned anything from the chaos and suffering its policies are bringing to the reservations. For in the Reagan happy hunting ground, the tribes are eternally filled with the entrepreneurial spirit. Using their own native materials, guided by the principles of free enterprise, and financed by a judicious mix of tribal and private investment, they design, manufacture and distribute their own fringed, beaded safety nest. That's how Mr. Reagan sees it. But then he was always the cowboy, never the Indian.

COMING:

Mary Breasted
on Northern Ireland

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Technology and Art

On the back of the one dollar bill is a Latin inscription: *annuit coeptis*. It means: be favorable to bold enterprise. Benjamin Franklin chose this motto because he believed initiative and innovation were singular characteristics of the people he helped forge into a new nation.

This is still true today. But like an acorn that will not grow into an oak without water, innovation must be irrigated or it will wither. Initiative needs to be nurtured or it will not take root.

That is partly why United Technologies spends more on research and development than all but six other U.S. corporations, most of them substantially larger than ours.

It also partly explains why we contribute to the arts. As with research and development, United Technologies is a leader in supporting the arts. In fact, as a percentage of total corporate giving, our corporation contributes about three times the national average to the arts.

Why is a high-technology corporation involved in the arts? Actually, the world of technology and the world of art are not that much different. Both rely on the imagination of the individual. Both strive for innovation and excellence. Both provoke our thoughts, uplift our spirits, and improve and enrich our lives.

The fruits of technology, like the best of art, sometimes puzzle us, oftentimes stir us, but always rivet our attention. Art and technology both present the uncommon marvel of daring and deliberation working together, each carried to its highest level.

Art and technology both reflect bold enterprise. Neither is a slave to tradition. Neither believes in change for its own sake. Neither is limited by what others believe possible. Both seek to explore the bounds of imagination.

Nearly 400 years ago, in the last half of the 16th century, Queen Elizabeth of England came upon Sir Walter Mildmay, one of her court favorites, whom she had not seen for some time. "Sir Walter," she inquired, "where have you been?" Mildmay, who had been away establishing Emanuel College at Cambridge, answered, "Madam, I have been away planting an acorn. And when it becomes an oak, God only knows *what* it will amount to."

Art, like research and development, begins as an acorn. Nurtured and irrigated, the acorn can grow to the fullest. And what the harvest brings from this effort will amount to a bold enterprise indeed.

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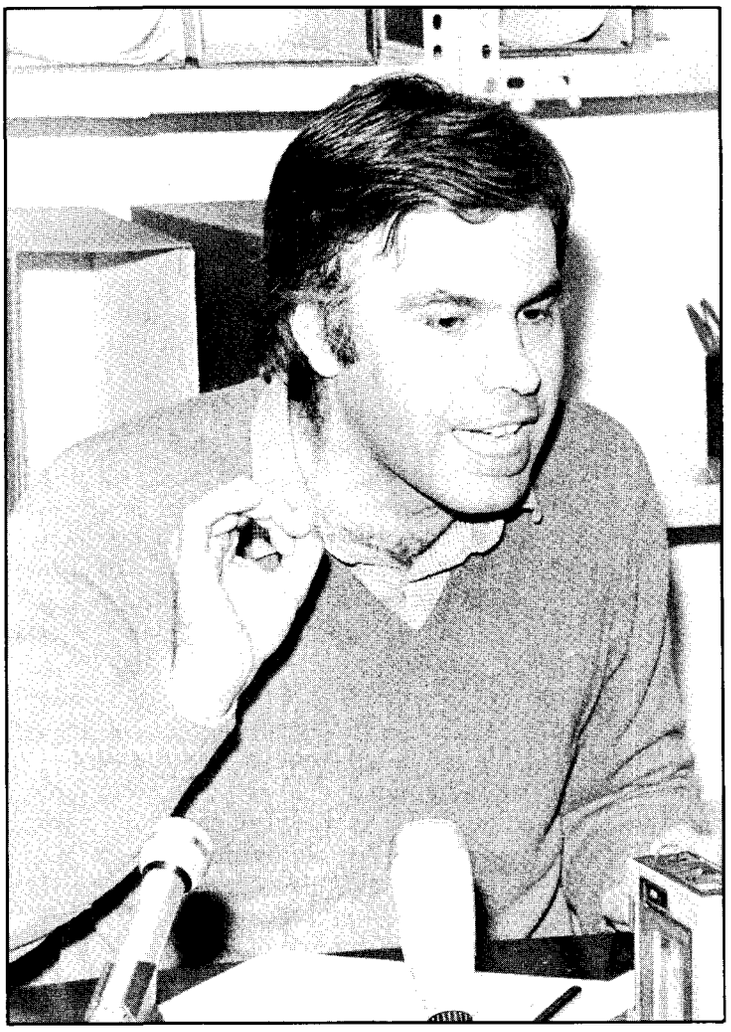
age, more schooling, price controls on basic goods, expanded trade union rights, national health care, increased pensions, day care centers. The only candidate for nationalization is the electricity grid. Socialism itself —whatever that may ultimately mean—is something González contemplates only for a future decade. Yet the changes he proposes, however modest they may seem by West European standards, will be profound in a country where the legacy of the Franco years includes a swollen, often corrupt bureaucracy, privileges for the rich, and a level of social welfare far below that of most of Western Europe.

The man who will direct that change is an extraordinary combination of charismatic leader, idealist, moralist, and pragmatic politician who evokes hope and trust and love in the way John and Robert Kennedy did in the United States. He is the only leader in Spain known universally by his first name. Normally cynical journalists can't find anything critical to write about him. Felipe González is a political phenomenon, and he will need all his talents to deal with the country's problems: 16 percent unemployment, 14 percent inflation, Basque terrorism, and a still-shaky democratic system.

On election day, as he rested at the home of a friend in the north of Madrid and puffed on one of his ever-present Havana Cohiba cigars, González told me that many of his supporters were voting not for socialism but for a new national vision—"the moral impulse that can move us to solidarity," an attempt to end the public passivity and division of the Franco era. He expresses that vision in patriotic, not ideological, terms. "Spaniards must learn to find themselves and to create their own future under a single flag," he said. "The Roman bridges are ours, the cathedrals are ours, the cultural flowering of Christians, Moslems, and Jews in Andalusia is ours, *Don Quixote* is ours. I want to connect the Spain of the ages with the Spain of today."

There are still unreconstructed *franquistas* in the army, though they are in the minority, and the Socialist government will make judicious use of the appointment power to weed out anticonstitutional elements. There is some hope the army will be calmed by the rout of the Communists, who dropped from nearly 11 percent to under 4 percent, and by the feeling that their interests are represented by the rightist Popular Alliance, which fed on the collapse of the center to win a quarter of the votes. A survey of military voting in Madrid showed that 63 percent supported the Popular Alliance—but more than 22 percent voted Socialist.



FELIPE GONZÁLEZ, FROM 'EL SOCIALISTA'

"In Spain," González told me, "democracy needs a moderate left and a moderate right to be successful." The Socialists already play the role of a moderate left, and much depends on whether the Popular Alliance can be induced to move toward the center and occupy the moderate right part of the political spectrum. González plans to give formal recognition to the Popular Alliance's chief, a former Franco minister named Manuel Fraga Iribarne, as the official leader of the opposition, and to grant Fraga an annual salary just one peseta lower than his own. (González was denied such status when he led the largest party in the opposition.) The Socialists had originally planned to plaster the country with posters emblazoned FELIPE PRESIDENTE as soon as the results were in. On election day, González vetoed the idea. He didn't want to rub the right's noses in their defeat.

Yet many people fear that Fraga will use the parliament to mount a destabilizing barrage of criticism and set the stage for the army to "save" the country. A rightist businessman told me with relish that this would happen in two years. That is unlikely. Though big business financed the right, they are realists: the head of the major business federation had his TV message of congratulations to the Socialists taped and in the can two days before the election. He and his colleagues know their future now depends on working with the Socialists.

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González is politically and emotionally committed to the West. But America will have to accept his insistence on the priority of national interest in Spain as it is learning it must do for the rest of Europe. The U.S. will also have to get used to Felipe González adopting positions that show less reverence for superpowers than has been the habit of past Spanish regimes. (On election night, González recalled with amusement a remark of his that upset both Americans and Russians: in a discussion of personal security in democratic and totalitarian societies, he once said, "I would rather be knifed at the entrance to the New York subway but live freely, than have the absolute security of Moscow, the security of the cemetery.")

UNDER GONZÁLEZ, Spain will be more active in Latin America than it has been at any time since colonial days. "We will intensify our relations with Latin America," he told me. "In many Latin American countries there are structural causes of misery, exploitation, and lack of solidarity that have created explosive situations. Those structural causes must be eradicated within a society that functions democratically. If we don't succeed in the effort to open democratic social participation in the Ibero-American continent, there will be explosions in these countries that will force them to choose between the harsh dictatorship of some elements of the military, supported by an oligarchy, and a revolution that substitutes a rigid totalitarianism of the left."

In our interview, González spoke of the United States respectfully but without awe. "The history of relations between the U.S. and Spain weighs heavily on Spain," he said. "The democratic Spanish people is a people that doesn't have much to thank the U.S. for. Nevertheless, it is not hostile to the U.S. We haven't had the huge demonstrations that there have been in other countries. Still, the U.S. is losing the good opinion of the youth of Europe, here and elsewhere. European youth does not remember that the U.S. participated in the liberation of Europe, as does the generation of Schmidt, Mitterrand, Callaghan, Mrs. Thatcher, and Willy Brandt. People under forty in Europe have two searing memories, one of Vietnam, the other of the polemics over nuclear arms. That separation, that ungluing between European youth and the U.S. is something that worries me.

"As a Spaniard born in 1942, as a child, I saw the first U.S. soldiers arrive to strengthen and support the regime of General Franco. That was probably one reason, though not the only reason, why we had thirty more years of dictatorship. But I not only have no rancor, I want there to be relations of friendship, because we belong to the same world, we have the same values that we ought to share with sincerity and without mistrust. That's the message I want to give, more to the people than to the government of the U.S.—that they remember that this country wants to live in dignity and friendship with the U.S., but not in dependence."

This new Spanish nationalism may lead to policies that raise the hackles of the Reagan Administration. The Socialists oppose Spanish entrance into the military command of NATO, a process begun after Spain signed the North Atlantic Treaty in June. González argues that Spain's defenses along the southern flank, from the Canaries to Gibraltar to the Balearic Islands, cannot be submitted to a joint command. "If there is a threat to the Western world, we would defend it, but we can't establish our defenses according to the priorities of NATO," he told me. Spain doesn't have the resources for two defenses, he said. And he reaffirmed that the U.S. bases agreement, not yet ratified by Spain, would have to be changed to eliminate plans that assume Spain's integration into the NATO defense system. This, González said, is a matter of national sovereignty and dignity.

U.S. diplomats here have been telling American correspondents that González is not serious, that Spain will enter the NATO command on schedule, and that renegotiation of the bases agreement would be difficult or even impossible. If this is what they have been reporting in their cables back to the State Department, they are making a serious mistake. From the beginning of his political career, González has been known as a man of his word, and during the election campaign he was careful to promise nothing that he could not plausibly deliver. If Felipe González says he wants to stay out of the NATO command and renegotiate the agreements, Washington would be well advised to stop thinking about whether and start thinking about how and when.

LUCY KOMISAR

Lucy Komisar has reported on Spain since 1977.

The hot tin stove league.

BASEBALL? BOINGBALL.

AT THE OPENING of the 1978 baseball season, I wrote optimistically in these pages of the future of the game ("Another Good Season," TNR, April 22, 1978), noting that despite the introduction of the livelier ball, despite the use of aluminum and plastic bats below the level of the major leagues, and despite Charlie Finley and Bowie Kuhn, the game seemed to be thriving. But after watching several games in the new Minneapolis Metrodome, and watching as much of the recent World Series between the Cardinals of St. Louis and the Brewers of Milwaukee as I could stand, I have begun to wonder whether the integrity of the game, and the validity of its statistics, can survive in an era of domed stadiums and the artificial turf they contain.

Actually the domes would be all right if one could

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play in them on something other than artificial turf. It is the turf that changes the game. Even to call it artificial turf is to offend against language. In their natural state baseball diamonds were never said to be turfed. As one moved up the scale of baseball, one went from the sandlot, to the diamond with dirt infield and grass outfield, and finally to the diamond with grass infield, grass outfield, and dirt basepaths. There was no such thing as "turf," whether natural or counterfeit. In any case, the covering called "artificial turf" is not turf of any kind. It is not even a carpet or rug, but some kind of plastic conglomerate, possibly suitable for tennis, which, it seems, can be played on almost any surface: clay, grass, plastic, wood, rubber, cement, or ground glass.

I BEGAN to have doubts about the future of the game one night as I listened to a broadcast from the Minneapolis Metrodome. The Twins were not doing very well, not just that night but in season play. I had read that the owner and manager of the team had explained the poor play by saying that the team had been built up in anticipation of playing on grass in the old outdoor park, and that the team was not tailored to the conditions under which the dome game was being played—mostly the size and shape of the enclosure and the quality of the playing surface (plus a few minor adjustments such as learning how to catch balls that had hit loudspeakers or support cables). Yet as I listened to the broadcast, I was puzzled by the announcers' comments. They would say things like, "This is a pitchers' duel, a tight one. It's the bottom of the third inning, it's tied at five and five, each team has ten hits, but neither one has hit a home run." Or they would say, "It's a long fly. The outfielder is running in on it." Or, "The shortstop has just made a great leaping catch of a ground ball on third hop."

When I saw my first game in the new facility, my confusion cleared up but my doubts deepened. Outfielders did indeed run in on long flies, hoping to catch the ball on the second or third rebound bounce rather than have it go over their heads on the first bounce off the turf after rebounding from the wall. Yet outfielders seldom charged a short fly, or even a "Texas Leaguer," but most often turned tail and raced for the wall, looking back over their shoulders for the first hop as the ball returned from the stratosphere.

The infield game was something else. Nothing normal about it. There were easy two-hop plays, and occasionally a ball might bounce three times in the infield, on a deep play, before it was handled. There were few good plays by traditional standards. Mostly it was brilliant grabs, errors, base hits through the infield, and base hits *within* the infield, especially from balls that hit resilient turf somewhere between home plate and the pitcher's mound and then sprang twenty or thirty feet into the air—the runner making it to first base while the infielder waited patiently for the ball to descend.

And then came this year's World Series. The games played in Milwaukee were played on grass. But in St. Louis, in an open stadium, in a city that has good annual rainfall, where grass grows well, and where the team's owner, Gus Busch, could afford a good groundskeeper, the games were played on "the carpet." Milwaukee won two out of three on the grass. They lost three out of four on the carpet. There were two wholly different kinds of game played, depending on the covering. The victor was not the Cardinals, but the turf. Ground balls that under normal circumstances could have been caught slithered through the infield for hits. Hits that should have been singles at most rolled to the wall for doubles and triples. High bouncers, hit by St. Louis batters schooled, by report, to hit down on the ball, sailed over the pitcher's head. The turf was so bad that it actually played better in the rain.

So much for the game. Bad enough. But more serious, in the long run, is the effect on the statistics.

It is obvious that if the statistics that have been kept for over a hundred years, giving stability and continuity to the game of baseball, are to have any objective historical relevance, new scoring principles and methods will have to be introduced to reflect the differences between games played on artificial turf and those played on grass. Hits, errors, earned runs, extra base hits—everything is of a different order. Certainly all of the basic statistics should be separated—batting, fielding, pitching. Those made on grass could be incorporated into the established record books, those made on turf kept separate. Balls that hit the ground within an arc, drawn and marked on the field at say, thirty feet from home plate, and that are caught before they touch the ground to bounce a second time, could be treated as though they were simple fly balls. Two short outfielders might be introduced, allowed to move within a limited range, as some soccer players are restricted, and permitted to catch or stop only ground balls. I anticipate that unless rules are changed or the turf banned or improved, we may enter an era in which the positions of shortstop and second base, formerly occupied by quick, small men, such as Rizzuto, Lazzeri, Crosetti, Fox, and others of modest stature, will be filled by men who are seven feet tall, with long arms and great leaping abilities. Reach, not movement, will become the important attribute. Announcers, instead of saying of an infielder that he has great lateral movement, will say he has great vertical movement. And instead of praising outfielders who, like Willie Mays, could "go back and get them," we will revere outfielders for their ability to play the angles, the rebounds, the caroms.

The alternative is to turn off the television broadcasts of baseball games, as I did during the Series, and to amuse oneself playing Atari baseball, which Billy Martin likes, or the rival Intellivision, which George Plimpton says is better.

EUGENE J. MCCARTHY

Eugene J. McCarthy is a poet, politician, and ballplayer.

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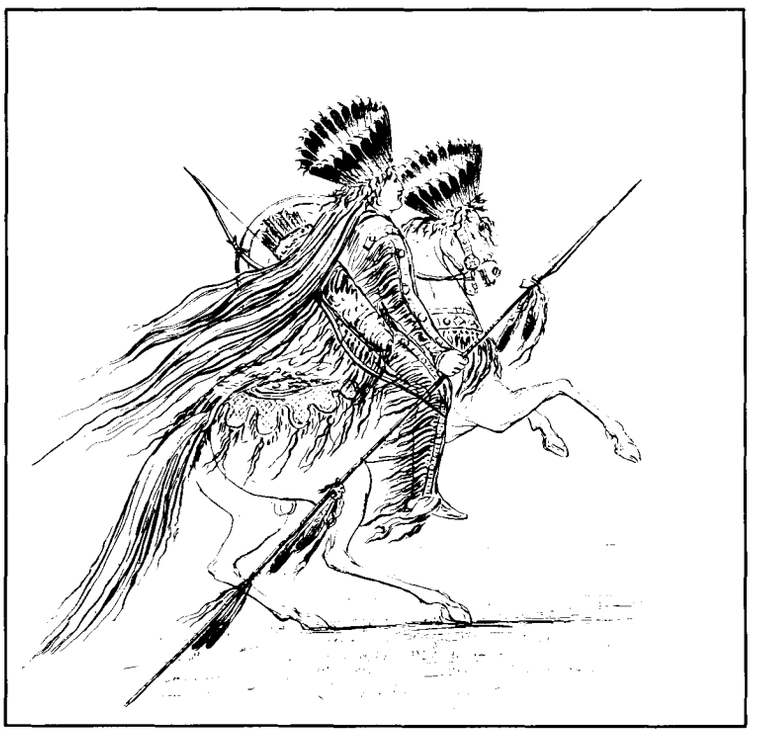
In Indian country, the budget is very bad news.

REAGANOMICS ON THE RESERVATION

BY HAZEL W. HERTZBERG

THE ONLY MEMBER of a minority group ever elected to national office in the United States was a Republican and a Native American, Charles Curtis of Kansas, a Kansa Indian who served as Vice President under Herbert Hoover. Curtis is one of a number of examples that add up to a good case for the Indian record of the Republican Party. Another is the famous Meriam Report, commissioned by Calvin Coolidge at a time of considerable disarray in Indian affairs. That report is still remembered by Indians for its accuracy, sensitivity, and balance; its proposals began to be implemented under Hoover, laying the basis for the more extensive reforms of the Indian New Deal. Nor does the Republican claim to a good Indian record end with Hoover. Under Richard Nixon, the people of Taos Pueblo got back their sacred Blue Lake, for which Native Americans and their friends had fought for many years. Under Gerald Ford, the Indian Self Determination Act of 1975 gave the tribes the right to administer a number of services, thus enlarging Indians' opportunity to run their own reservations.



GEORGE CATLIN, 'CROW HORSEMAN,' CIRCA 1833

The Reagan Administration's Indian policy is emphatically not in this Republican tradition. Actually the Administration has no distinctly Indian policy at all. Rather, Reaganomics and the "new federalism" are simply being applied mechanically to Indians, for whom they are even less appropriate than for the rest of the population. A sample of how this works in a rhetorical sense appears in the prose of Reagan's assistant secretary of the Interior for Indian Affairs, Ken Smith, a Warm Springs Indian, formerly his tribe's business manager, whose incompetence has reportedly alarmed even Interior Secretary James Watt. Smith recently offered the Indian Economic Development Seminar the following capsule version of American history: "What made America great? Who developed it? It was not the governments of this country. It was the entrepreneur who took chances. Some failed; others succeeded. Our Indian people can succeed."

Smith, though, doesn't make Indian policy. It's in the Office of Management and Budget that the Reagan Administration's Indian policy is made, and it has very little to do with Indian needs and a great deal to do with budgetary theory. It's a classic case of policy flowing from the budget, rather than the other way around.

The tribes are being impaled on a theory that is clearly inapplicable to Indians. The federal government's relationship to the tribes, based partly on treaties, is unlike its relationship to any other gorup of Americans. The tribes are "domestic dependent nations" that deal directly with the federal government. They are not political subdivisions of the states. Nor are they what most state and federal statutes would define as local governments. They generally receive no funds from state governments, with which they maintain a distant and often uneasy relationship. Under a few federal welfare pro-

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grams, such as food stamps and AFDC, funds are passed through the states to Indian recipients. But the direct, powerful, and historical relationship is federal government to Indian tribe.

Some 287 tribes are "federally recognized," ranging from tribelets like the Havasupai to the largest tribe of all, the Navajos, who make up a fifth of the whole reservation population. The Indians call this collectivity "Indian country." For these tribes the Bureau of Indian Affairs holds in trust about fifty-three million acres of land. In addition, the feds have responsibility for delivery of such services as education, health, and welfare, and are charged with assisting and strengthening tribal governments.

By and large reservation economies are weak and almost entirely dependent on the federal government. Economically they are much like third world countries. Many reservations are located in isolated areas far from markets and transportation. They tend to be long on scenery but short on resources. There are exceptions: some tribes have valuable minerals, timber, or fishing rights. The thirty-four tribes belonging to CERT (the Coalition of Energy Resource Tribes) together own about one-third of the low sulphur strippable coal in the West, about 5 percent of the onshore oil and gas resources, about half of all privately owned uranium, and substantial quantities of oil shale and tar sands. Most tribes aren't so lucky. Whether well provided with natural resources or not, however, the reservations lack infrastructure—a workable system of roads, water, sewage disposal, electricity, and telephones. Though a few tribes have tribally owned (and usually anemic) enterprises, there is only a minuscule private sector in spite of several decades of effort to create one. Therefore the tribal government tax base is virtually nonexistent. On top of all this, reservation people on the whole have not developed the management skills they need to administer tribal governments and tribal enterprises effectively, or to attract private enterprise to the reservation. Reservation Indians are the poorest people in the nation, with the lowest income, the fewest economic opportunities, the highest death rate, and the least education.

UNTIL THE 1960, the main federal agency dealing with the tribes was the Bureau of Indian Affairs, complemented by the Indian Health Service, which had been transferred from the B.I.A. to the U.S. Public Health Service in 1953. During the 1960s and 1970s, though, Congress specifically included Indians in a number of new programs directed to the general welfare. The B.I.A. remained the sole trustee of Indian lands, but by 1980 over half the federal funds going to Indian reservations came from other agencies. The Department of Housing and Urban Development provided the first real reservation housing program, financing over 90 percent of all new Indian housing. CETA furnished much of the manpower for the operation of tribal governments, courts, and law enforcement—some 10,000 jobs—by 1981. The Department of Health and Human Services sponsored programs to help tribal governments acquire managerial skills. The Economic Development Administration in the Department of Commerce sponsored public works projects, business loans, and technical assistance—the bulk of economic development money available to Indians. The Legal Services Corporation became an integral part of the legal and judicial processes on many reservations. The Community Services Administration supported reservation community development programs. The Indian Desk of the Department of Energy helped to fund CERT.

The expansion of federal programs beyond the B.I.A. meant more money, more services, more jobs flowing into the reservations. Though tribal people were still bitterly poor, the tribes were probably better off in the late 1970s than they had been for decades. Indians began to glimpse the possibility that they might not have to put up with high unemployment, bad housing, and poor sanitation forever.

BUT THE NEW PROGRAMS also brought problems. In some places they created power centers that encouraged the factionalism that is the bane of reservation life. Some tribes had great difficulty handling unaccustomedly large sums of money. Worst of all, the tribes were now highly vulnerable because well over half of their funding was coming from new programs that could be much more easily eliminated than could the venerable B.I.A. And these were precisely the programs that the Reagan Administration set out to jettison.

The Reagan Indian policy turned out to be a carbon copy of the general Reagan domestic policy: cut the budget and turn federal functions over to the localities, leaving in place, of course, the famous safety net. But for the tribes, the federal government isn't just the safety net—it's the whole circus. The tribes can't turn to the states for help, and reservation economies have little or no tax base for the tribal governments to tap.

Under President Reagan's original budget plan for fiscal 1982, much of the safety net consisting of the Indian programs outside the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Indian Health Service was to be cut away immediately. The Reagan Administration proposed to abolish the Economic Development Administration, the Legal Services Corporation, the Indian Desk at the Department of Energy, and the public service employment portions of CETA. Future funding for HUD Indian housing was to be stopped. The water and sanitation construction fund of the Indian Health Service, which normally supplied the HUD housing, was also slated for destruction, raising the possibility that housing units under construction would end up with no water and no sewage systems.

One of the money-saving proposals advanced for fiscal year 1982 was an Indian version of block grants for B.I.A. programs. Ten programs that the tribes were already administering (including scholarships, voca-

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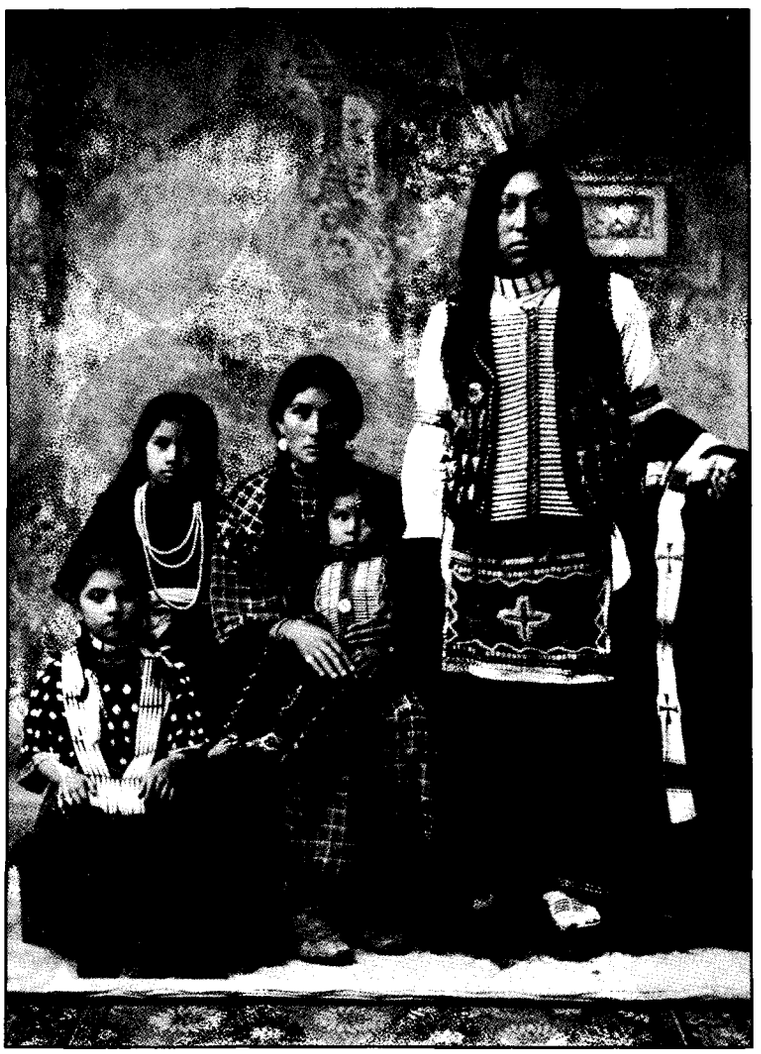
tional education, housing, employment, agricultural extension, and fire protection) were to be rolled into a block grant, with a lump sum allocated to each reservation. The idea was to provide more flexibility to individual tribes in meeting local needs.

However, there was a catch. For the first year, indirect costs, such as bookkeeping and insurance, were to be figured in the lump sum made available to each tribe. From then on, each tribe would have to pay its own overhead. Even though the Indian Self-Determination Act specifies that the federal government must pay both the direct and indirect costs of services administered by the tribes under contract, Reagan's O.M.B. maintained that no such exceptions could be made for the Indians. Since the states were going to have to pay the indirect costs of the new block grants, so must the tribes. But where were impoverished tribal governments supposed to find the extra money? The Administration and the tribes are still arguing with each other about this aspect of the block grant program.

When the 1982 budget for Indian programs finally emerged from Congress, most of the non-B.I.A. programs had been saved —but with greatly reduced funding. It didn't take long for the effects of the cuts to be felt on the reservations. A report issued by the Navajo Nation last January told the story. Between 1980 and 1981, Navajo per capita income fell from $2,200 to $1,700 a year. By January 1982 the overall unemployment rate on the Navajo reservation was a staggering 72 percent, up from 49.7 percent and 38 percent the previous two years. In the two densely populated areas where over half the Navajo population lives, the rates were 83 percent and 85 percent. This drastic loss of jobs stemmed directly from cuts in federal funds—for CETA, housing, education, health, economic development, courts, and other services. This was just the beginning. The Navajos reported that the public housing program had been terminated. Sewer and water hookups for already completed housing had been stopped. The emergency ambulance service was slated for defunding. Local clinics were closed. The Community Health Representative program, which used Navajos to deliver health care in areas far from the nearest medical facility, had come to a halt. The Office of Native Healing, which supported research in the use of traditional medicines, was closed. A hiring freeze was reducing by attrition the number of physicians and nurses on the reservation. People had less money for food and no source of credit. The public assistance, emergency and disaster funds had been sharply reduced. The trading posts no longer gave credit or loans for pawn. Navajo businessmen were on the verge of bankruptcy. Tribal enterprises were laying off workers or coming to the tribal council for bailouts. Even the market for Navajo handicrafts, the traditional source of supplemental income, vanished. School construction stopped and the education future looked dim. Funding for Navajo students in public schools (which most Navajo pupils attend) was to be slashed. Financial aid for Navajo college students and funding for the Navajo Community College were to drop by a third. Finally, the tribe's past economic gains had been erased by the pressure to divert development and investment funds to meet subsistence needs. So serious is the crisis in Navajoland that Navajos class it with the "Long Walk," when the Navajos were conquered in the nineteenth century.



INDIANS FROM A RESERVATION IN SOUTHEASTERN IDAHO, 1897 B.I.A. PHOTO

The Navajos are the largest tribe in the United States, and one of the richest, but their current situation is not very different from that of many smaller tribes. Take the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation in the State of Washington, for example. The Colville Reservation is 95 percent dependent on timber sales. When the recession forced milling companies like Crown Zellerbach to cut their timber purchases by two-thirds, it

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meant disaster for the tribes. Almost a third of the tribal employees were dismissed, and most of the rest no longer work full time. The number of rent or loan delinquencies in the tribal public housing doubled. The tribal Housing Authority had to cut rents, further decreasing tribal income. In the tribal court, the number of alcohol-related crimes rose.

The Colville experience shows what can happen to a reservation that ties itself firmly to the national economy, as Indians have been urged to do in order to lessen their dependence on the federal government. In good times this course promises Indians a share in the national prosperity. But in bad times it's especially devastating. The tribe is like a remote company town stranded when the company moves, left without the services that local and state government provide, and both unable and unwilling to move from ancestral lands communally held and revered.

The impact of Reaganomics on the Navajos and the Colvilles has been duplicated on many other reservations. And the 1983 Reagan budget does not deviate from a course that has already caused so much distress in Indian country. The new budget proposes to demolish what was left of the Great Society and the poverty programs. Again, the Administration seeks to abolish the Economic Development Administration, the Legal Services Corporation, and the Department of Energy along with its Indian Desk. There is to be no funding for Indian housing in HUD; in addition, the Administration wants a recision of an appropriation for 4,000 Indian housing units that was passed last year against its wishes. How many more Indian jobs will evaporate is uncertain, but it's likely to be at least double the 10,000 already gone. Further cuts are proposed in education, including aid to public school districts that have significant numbers of reservation Indian children. If the Administration has its way, only a few shreds and patches will be left of the programs that accounted for over half the government funding for the reservations when Reagan took office.

The old established Indian agencies—the Indian Health Service and the B.I.A.—fare comparatively better in the 1983 Reagan budget. But they too face new cuts, especially in the health field. For example, the scholarship program for Indians in health careers is to be phased out. The Administration wants to eliminate the Community Health Representative Program, managed by the tribes, which has been an essential link between the Indian Health Service hospitals and people in remote communities. Indian nurses, medical technicians, maternal and child health staff, alcohol and drug abuse workers, and emergency medical technicians will lose their jobs. A drastic cut is also in store for sanitation programs for Indian communities and homes. There is no replacement, no safety net for any of these programs that directly affect the everyday lives of Indian people.

The big B.I.A. "initiative" for fiscal year 1983 is an economic development fund of $10 million to encourage private investment in reservations. For any given project, the B.I.A. will provide no more than 25 percent of the capital; the rest must be scraped together from tribal or other nonfederal sources. This tribute to private enterprise appears just as an existing Indian economic development fund—almost twice as big and considerably more flexible—is about to vanish, together with the rest of the doomed Economic Development Administration.

OUT IN INDIAN COUNTRY, skyrocketing unemployment and the severe retrenchment in federal programs came as a shock to most tribes. Jerry Flute, who was chairman of the Sisseton-Wahpeton Sioux from 1973 to 1981 and is now a staff member of the Association on American Indian Affairs, puts it this way: "Unfortunately, the tribes were not prepared for the adverse effects of Reaganism. They were going their merry way, not anticipating what was going to happen. Most of them had no contingency plans. Today the tribes are in deep trouble trying to deal with their problems. They can never get a consistent figure as to what funds they're going to get. When the Council is sitting around trying to figure out how to pay the damn phone bill or whether they can afford enough gas to run three police cars or two, it's pretty confusing to hear that the budget is going to be cut even more. The best word to describe the situation in Indian country today is 'chaotic.' "

When the 1983 budget hits Indian country, there's going to be more chaos. A lot more people will be out of work and a lot more services will be cut. Tribal governments will be in despair and there's a serious danger that because they can't deliver, democratic tribal government itself will lose credibility with the Indian voters.

There's no indication that the Administration has learned anything from the chaos and suffering its policies are bringing to the reservations. For in the Reagan happy hunting ground, the tribes are eternally filled with the entrepreneurial spirit. Using their own native materials, guided by the principles of free enterprise, and financed by a judicious mix of tribal and private investment, they design, manufacture and distribute their own fringed, beaded safety nest. That's how Mr. Reagan sees it. But then he was always the cowboy, never the Indian.

COMING:

Mary Breasted
on Northern Ireland

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Show biz has given us more than the thirty-second spot.

LIGHTS, CAMERA . . . POLITICS

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

> Suppose, then, that an individual clever enough to assume any character and give imitations of anything and everything should visit our country and offer to perform his compositions, we shall bow down before a being with such miraculous powers of giving pleasure . . . crown him with fillets of wool, anoint his head with myrrh, and conduct him to the borders of some other country.
>
> —Plato

> Take actors, for instance. The really good ones don't rely on mere technique. They also follow their feelings when they play a part. Like me, they are genuine.
>
> —Henry Kissinger

Plato had a problem with actors. He considered their talent for eliciting feeling rather than thought a threat to his well-ordered Republic. In his Republic of reason, to engage the citizenry in fictional contrivances, to appeal directly to the emotions, was an act of subversion. For Plato the choice was clear: politics, the active engagement of man's highest powers in pursuit of the good, versus theater, a world of shadows where everything is possible and nothing is true. So Plato did the obvious. He banished theater from his Republic.

Several civilizations later, when theater was making a comeback, Rousseau drew inspiration from Plato's decisiveness: "What! Plato banished Homer from his republic and we will tolerate Molière in ours?" For Rousseau theater was bound to corrupt. Since its appeal was "founded on the passions," its fatal attractiveness would not only sap republican virtue but also confer enormous and unwarranted powers on actors. Of them he wrote:

> If they join a bit of art and intrigue to their success, I do not give the state thirty years before they are its arbiters. The candidates for office will be seen intriguing for their favor in order to obtain suffrages, the elections will take place in the actresses' dressing rooms, and the leaders of a free people will be the creatures of a band of histrions. The pen falls from my hand at the thought.

Granted, neither Plato nor Rousseau was much of a democrat. Plato found democracy "an agreeable form of anarchy," and Rousseau's republic was built on the idea of "forcing men to be free." But they had a point. Rousseau's nightmare has now become commonplace. Not only do politicians court actors, they have become actors. This, in turn, has inspired actors to take up politics. For the first time in history an actor has become the leader of a major country. The pen falls from no one's hand at the thought. On the contrary: Ronald Reagan has made a distinct political asset out of his ability to summon a tear on command, to introduce just the right hint of hoarse passion or controlled anger into his resonant voice. During his Presidential campaign, the "actor issue" never arose. It was considered irrelevant, even impolite, to bring it up.

Plato and Rousseau might have spared us an actor-king, but even those who deplore theater's invasion of politics will shrink from their harsh corrective. One needn't be a civil libertarian to resist the idea of banning theater; one need only be a realist. It's too late. Banning theater would no longer protect politics, it would abolish it, for the two have become indistinguishable. As Rousseau predicted, a citizenry captivated by illusion (one that watches television six hours a day, for example) loses interest in exercising its civic duties (voting, for example). Worse, it comes to demand that what little politics it does imbibe match the texture and taste of its usual diet of dramatic fictions.

The rush to meet that demand has transformed politics into theater, politicians into actors, and citizens into spectators. The process is now so advanced that the most striking manifestation of political theater, the terrorist siege—once so shocking, even confusing, an event—is now accepted as commonplace, as just another way of doing political business. Terrorists were the pioneers. Midway into the television age they discovered how to acquire such political commodities as legitimacy, visibility, and even power, and transform themselves from marginal conspirators languishing on the fringes of world attention to major actors commanding center stage. There was only one requirement—that they provide a spectacle or some other suitable entertainment—and they met it brilliantly, with such live thrillers as the Munich Olympic massacre and the Symbionese Liberation Army prime-time shootout.

Of course, political actors have always tried to grab the stage. But terrorists sought to put something peculiarly new on it: a morality play, a dramatic reenactment with live actors of their larger struggle. So they invented the most difficult and radical form of political theater: the politics of metaphor. Its rigid conventions make it easy to recognize. First, it substitutes demonstration for declaration, drama for discourse. Less marginal and less ruthless groups issue a statement; terrorists make one.

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Second, it is abstract. The terrorist act itself, having no intrinsic meaning, acquires meaning by analogy when it is seen as standing for something else—a principle, a feeling, a grievance. When Moluccans seized a train of Dutch commuters and began shooting them, the act was, on the face of it, senseless. The people they seized had never heard of the Moluccan problem, and even if they had, they could do nothing about it. But killing Dutch commuters, like more ancient forms of human sacrifice, is not intended to mean anything in itself. It is meant as a symbol of Dutch guilt, of Moluccan will, of what have you. Coming up with such interpretations is the job of the media, our Greek chorus. Media and audience are the final crucial elements of metaphorical theater, and the need for audience is absolute. Without audience, the gesture, like the sound of a falling tree in a remote forest, dissolves into air.

A GOOD TEST of whether a political act is purely theatrical is to ask whether it would or could have existed without an audience. What distinguishes the assassination of Aldo Moro from that of Anwar Sadat is that eliminating Moro quietly would have been pointless; eliminating Sadat quietly would not have been. Moro's murder was purely symbolic; Sadat's too was symbolic, but it was more: it was an act of insurrection, an attempted coup, whose intention and reasonable expectation was to effect a dramatic transformation of Egyptian society.

In a similar way, those who sat in at the Greensboro lunch counter were not simply calling attention, by analogy, to the evils of racism, they were demanding to be served. Indeed, the entire civil rights movement scrupulously avoided the strictures of metaphorical theater. It had drama, of course, but unlike guerrilla theater, the civil rights movement did not manufacture it. Its confrontations were planned, not contrived; they were real manifestations of the clash between black aspirations and white prejudice. Martin Luther King, who marched on camera and off, confronted not random bystanders pressed into duty as extras, but real racists. His means were the same as his ends, and thus enjoyed not only the same high moral standing but the same connection to reality.

A connection to reality can be confining. The first terrorist spectaculars managed to avoid such a constraint on their creativity. Their success inspired a rash of imitators, though none quite approached the absurd and abstract purity of the original. Not that they didn't try. A recent one-act production in Washington featured a band of men in battle fatigues who burst into the park at Dupont Circle, grabbed a woman lying on the grass, and began dragging her away. Before they could succeed, a squad of police with drawn pistols rescued the woman. She was incensed. They had missed the point: this is how people disappear in El Salvador. She and her abductors were acting, and they had a permit to prove it. But policemen are trained to look for criminals, not analogies, and no one had been there to explain to them what was going on. Metaphorical politics needs interpreters. Like all the avant-garde arts, this most severe form of political theater tends, in the absence of a medium, to lose its audience.

Not all varieties of political theater are so elaborate and demanding in dramatic structure. A popular alternative to metaphor is mime. Its statements are more direct, more accessible, more visceral. Unlike metaphor, it is not so abstract that without commentary it becomes incomprehensible. Disarmament marches today are schools for political mime. It is hard to find one that does not sport a legion of marchers decked out in death mask, skeleton costume, or bloody headband. (A few ghoulish exemplars grace the cover of the September/October *Mother Jones*.) Another popular form is the mass die-in, where thousands of people lie on the ground pretending to be victims of a nuclear attack. This not only gives the demonstrators a personal "feel" for what a nuclear holocaust would be like, it makes for a superb aerial shot of simulated destruction. Like the death mask, this image is meant to illustrate the proposition that nukes mean death. It is a simple message, meant, like all political mime, to be given and received viscerally.

When it comes to sending visceral messages, however, there is no better vehicle than a baby. An index of how popular political mime has become is the epidemic use of babies as stage props. An inordinate attention to the welfare of babies has been the traditional pose of whistle-stopping politicians at election time. Now everyone is doing it. Helen Caldicott likes to raise an infant before a crowd to declare that this is what disarmament is all about. Yasir Arafat made the ostentatious baby-hug the culmination of each day's work during the Lebanese war, and assured the panting press corps that this is what the battle of Beirut was all about. Antiabortion fanatics wave horrific pictures of mutilated fetuses to tell us that this is what the pro-life crusade is all about. Since for everyone babies represent innocence and their protection a self-evident good, a symbolic identification with babies signals one's righteousness in a way that viewers everywhere will understand. Mime, like music and other wordless languages, is universal.

ALL THIS GESTURING makes for a dismaying poverty of political discourse. In some parts of the world, like the Soviet bloc, where rich political discourse has been outlawed, sending signals is the only remaining means of communication. *Pravda* is not so much a source of information as of encoded messages. The way to know who is in favor at the Kremlin is to study the annual May Day picture from atop Lenin's tomb—the ultimate photo opportunity—and to see who stands nearest to Brezhnev. In such a system, even challenges to the monolith must adopt its methods. Solidarity has been criticized for pouring so much of its energy into symbols, like the great crosses at the Lenin shipyards and token work stoppages. But Solidarity leaders had no

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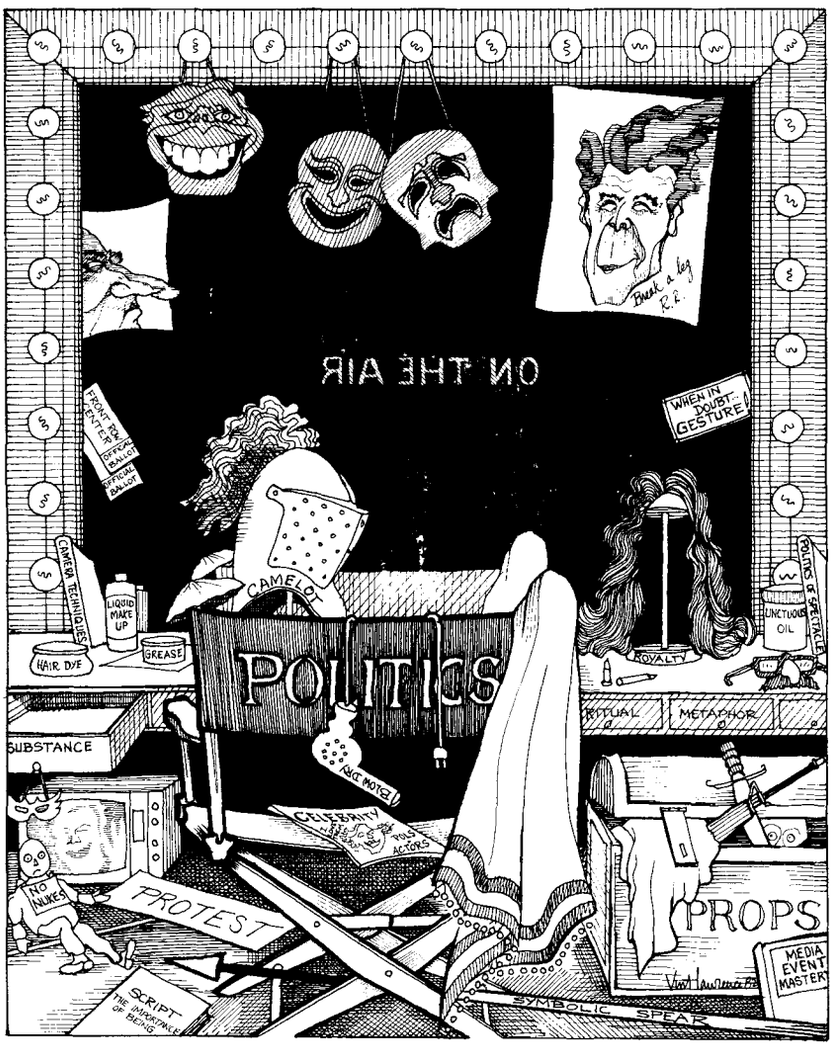
choice. They understood that when one faces an adversary who conducts political dialogue either in silence or with tanks, symbols are the only weapons.

In the West, political discourse is not conducted with tanks; language is permitted. Yet its use is dying, inexorably giving way to the politics of gesture. Dissidents—with their mime and metaphor—are only its most flamboyant practitioners. Those in power can do more than make faces at the camera. They can make policy, which allows them to practice a more subtle variety of political theater, the politics of symbolism. Symbolic politics turns policy into posture, into a means for projecting images. Its acts are empty of meaning; they are intended solely to send messages. Take the recent headline: PRESIDENT'S SANCTIONS AGAINST POLAND SEEN AS SYMBOLIC. As the story made clear, denying Poland most-favored-nation status has no effect in the real world. Thus the headline should have read: PRESIDENT'S SANCTIONS SEEN AS EMPTY. But emperors know that nowadays it is safe to walk around naked, so long as their refusal to wear clothes will be "seen as symbolic."



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Few events are as stripped of substance as the annual Western Economic Summit, an event of such transparent uselessness that it threatens to give symbolism a bad name. It is an occasion for Western leaders to kick each other under the table while reasserting, in the form of a group picture, Western unity. On the domestic front, the standard is set by the quadrennial national convention. Like the summit, it once had a real deliberative function, a condition it has outgrown. It is now, as every bleary-eyed viewer knows, a scripted display of choreographed enthusiasm and partisanship, whose rehearsed climaxes are timed to coincide with peak viewing hours.

We have an expression for manufactured happenings like summits and conventions that do nothing but play to the camera—the media event. But this expression, which gives the impression of some specialized *type* of event, misleads. The media event bears the same relation to a real event that a Potemkin Village does to a real village. However, in the age of television it makes no difference. By the time the cardboard scenery is taken down, the camera crews have gone home.

The rise of television is the most obvious and most important cause of the explosive growth of symbolic politics. Christopher Lasch traces its emergence (he calls it the politics of spectacle) to the first television President, John Kennedy ("No other President exemplified so completely the subordination of policy to . . . the appearance and illusion of national greatness," he writes). Lasch also astutely identifies "crisis management" as a creation of the media age, designed to turn politicians into heroes and decisions into "tests of leadership." Richard Nixon, Kennedy's debating partner and the man of six, then seven, crises, turned the political highwire act into a routine. But even Lasch must have been surprised by what followed: Hamilton Jordan's famous post-inaugural memo to President Carter pointing out that what counts in the end is perception, not substance; Carter's dimming the White House Christmas lights in response to the hostage seizure in Iran; his dramatic two-week, semisolitary mediation atop Camp David. Finally, though, Carter gave way to the ultimate fusion of theater and politics, Ronald Reagan, a man chosen to lead the conservative movement, not because of his demonstrated ability to think or lead, but because he could perform in front of the camera.

From the beginning of his Administration, when he denied the Soviet Ambassador his personal garage entrance to the State Department, Reagan has seemed

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obsessively attentive to the symbolic gesture. He lit a candle at the White House to protest the rape of Poland; he made a visit to an inner-city school in Chicago to show concern for blacks; he invoked an embargo against the Soviet pipeline (while acknowledging that U.S. sanctions could not stop it). He even sent a symbolic armed force to Lebanon with strict instructions not to fight. The problem with these symbolic gestures is what stands behind them. Authentic political symbols—those that represent, with concision and power, real policies—are important. For example, Jimmy Carter's cardigan represented, however clumsily, a real set of policies for energy conservation. On the other hand, Mr. Reagan's candle for Poland was backed by such pathetic measures as canceling twice-a-week Polish airline flights to the U.S. His visit to a black school in Chicago was coupled with an economic policy that ravaged poverty programs designed to help blacks. The pipeline embargo came shortly after the resumption of Soviet grain sales, where the real money lies. Even American soldiers in Lebanon are only a token, not a symbol; a truly symbolic force, like the U.S. Army in West Germany, will use its weapons if attacked.

Of course, there is nothing intrinsically wrong with political symbolism. Every society needs its triumphal processions, its inaugurations, its throne speeches. Ritual in politics, as in religion, is an indispensable communal practice, knitting society together, giving it common purpose and memories, and reasserting the legitimacy of its institutions. But just as religious piety becomes hollow when it substitutes for goodness, and offensive when it masks evil, in politics the symbolic act corrupts when it substitutes for action, or worse, when it conceals contradictory action. Yet that is the use to which political symbols are almost invariably put.

THERE IS ONLY one cause for hope, one circumstance that might spare us the worst effects of theatrical politics: the promiscuity of its practitioners. The images they produce have now become so numerous and ephemeral that they commit what nuclear strategists call fratricide: they obliterate each other. Washed over by thousands of images daily, the viewer retains very little. Some vague traces remain; that much advertisers of soda and footpowder have learned. But the total effect has become numbingly self-canceling. Does anyone remember even one episode of "America Held Hostage," the nightly hit television show (now known as "Nightline") spun off from Khomeini's siege?

Yet even as overloaded circuits cause the spectator's attention span to dwindle, political impresarios show a dismaying capacity to rise to the occasion, producing ever more spectacular shows. Now that airplane hijackings are so common (and every disgruntled employee feels entitled to take a few hostages to air his grievances), Yasir Arafat had to invent a new genre—holding an entire city hostage—to make news. Now that every political rally has its Nobel Prize celebrity and rock group, the ERA campaign produced a political commercial that flashed nothing but a succession of famous faces, from Hawkeye Pierce's to Edith Bunker's, urging passage of ERA. Now that every sewer commissioner campaigns on smoke and mirrors, Ronald Reagan has made the empty gesture the touchstone of a Presidency—and succeeded: his personal popularity remains high even as that of his policies plummets.

The success of these actors (not a phenomenon unique to the U.S.: in India, one film star rules the state of Tamil Nadu, another has a good chance of winning the next election in Andhra Pradesh, and a third is a top political figure in Karnataka) and the rapid advances in the technology of dissimulation foreshadow the growing domination of political theater. An even more reliable way to ascertain where we are heading is to see where Jerry Brown has been. In 1980 he attempted the first hi-tech, multimedia, razzmatazz video political event, choreographed by Francis Ford Coppola, no less. It bombed because, as usual, Brown was slightly ahead of his time. For his recent Senate campaign Brown created a new act, a political ad that packed into thirty seconds every major device that political theater has spawned in the last twenty years.

First, the celebrities: Ron Cey (L. A. Dodgers, third base) says, "I want to keep on playing baseball"; Leonard Bernstein says, "I want to go on making music"; Candice Bergen says, "I want to go on doing it all."

Next, the symbol: a mushroom cloud.

Then the prop: a child, surrounded by other children, saying, "I want to go on living."

Then, crisis: "Pete Wilson [Brown's opponent] opposes the nuclear arms freeze. Jerry Brown supports it."

And, finally, resolution by slogan: "Vote for your life. Elect Jerry Brown to the U.S. Senate."

Brown was again ahead of his time: he had to pull the ad after a week. All the conventions in thirty seconds is too heavy a dose. But he did show us the future.

It might still be argued that political theater is harmless, operating as it does in the world of perception across the metaphysical divide from the real world. That might be true if theatrical politics were just a bizarre variant of "real" politics. But it isn't. It has largely taken over real politics (about half of the Congressional campaign expenditures, for example, go to television and radio commercials) precisely because of its ability to present appearance as reality. It has transformed politics, and in doing so has given us more than just the die-in, guerrilla theater, and Ronald Reagan. In the hands of those in power, practitioners of symbolic politics, it has made gesture a substitute for policy. In the hands of dissidents, practitioners of political metaphor and mime, it has made gesture a substitute for argument. And in the minds of citizens, practitioners of the art of spectatorship, it has made politics a form of entertainment. None of this would have surprised Rousseau. The very thought of theatrical politics made him tremble. The pen may yet begin to fall from contemporary hands as well.

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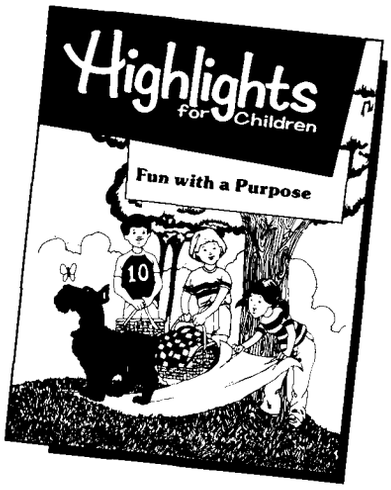

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Young Survivors

The filmmakers in Soviet-swayed countries have long been concerned with the disaffection of young people. In the Poland of the early 1960s Andrzej Wajda made *Innocent Sorcerers*, which got him in trouble with Gomulka; since then, the theme has recurred in East European film. Recurrently, too, these films have dealt with more than political doubt:

Time Stands Still
(Libra Films)

they explore the faltering of the private hopes that public policy was intended ultimately to support. Of course Western countries know something about disaffection of the young, but in Communist countries such disaffection was theoretically meant to be impossible. And Eastern disaffection has an added, particularly wrenching quality. Eastern European countries suffered agonies in World War II: The struggle against the Germans in several of those countries was monumentally heroic. But the sons and daughters of those heroes are not much interested in the subject. It is more than obtuse on their part to believe (if they do) that a Hitler victory wouldn't have made much difference in their lives, especially in the light of Nazi belief in Slavic inferiority; but apparently—to judge by films—some Eastern European young people feel, not only the universal tedium of young people about the exploits of their elders: they also feel that the bright world promised by Communism after the victory over the Germans has turned into a grim, hypocritical joke.

Time Stands Still, a Hungarian film shown at the recent New York Film Festival and now in release, is the latest in this line of pictures about the unhappy young. The irony of the title, which is also the title of a song done by an aging cocktail pianist, is there before the film begins. That beginning is in 1956; then it moves to 1963, which is when most of it takes place; then it concludes in 1967; so for the young director Péter Gothár, the story has autobiographical implications. Gothár is a theater director who founded and still runs his own group outside Budapest. This is his second film (his first won the Golden Lion at Venice in 1980); his co-author on the script was Géza Bereményi. Barring some mannerism and imitation, *Time Stands Still* is a picture that seems to grow out of its subject, rather than picking up a subject to examine it.

We've seen a lot of Hungarian films that are set in 1956, or soon after, in order to criticize the present by indirection. *Time Stands Still*, even if there were no current censorship, would still take place when it does. It deals with the effect of 1956 on the children who lived through it and with their elders who fought on both sides. The opening black-and-white newsreel shots of the 1956 Budapest fighting are intercut with black-and-white sequences about some of Gothár's main characters. A resistance fighter has just ten minutes to escape after the resistance crumbles. He begs his wife and two small sons to accompany him; they refuse. Mother and sons watch from the window as he leaves. Freeze. Color and time seep into the shot; it's now 1963, and the boys are teenagers. The credits roll past, and the main story begins.

Through the amnesty of 1963 a fellow-partisan of the escaped father comes out of prison, gets a job, and lives with the boys' mother in their apartment. (This disturbs the boys not at all, as long as the newcomer doesn't interfere with their lives.) The younger son's high school teacher, an old man who is a relic of "prehistoric" humanist days, is replaced by a buxom, thirtyish woman whose husband had fought on the victorious side. The tensions of 1956 persist at least to the degree that virtually everyone we meet is identified primarily by the side he or she was on during the struggle.

The center of the film is the younger son, Dini, played with sensitive dignity by István Znamenák, who is like a gentler Jean-Pierre Léaud. And the center of *his* life, naturally, is not politics but sex and romance. It's one of Gothár's best touches that, right after the bloody opening and the credits, the next sequence is a class in social dancing for teenagers. The prettiest girl in the school, Magda (Anikó Iván), is desperate for Dini, but he doesn't really respond until she revenges herself on his coolness by sleeping with his older brother. Possibly because of his anger at her—and at his own reticence—Dini develops a crush on his new teacher. Later, at a drunken party in her apartment, drenched in the American pop music that persists throughout, with some of the students apparently high just on the excitement of drinking smuggled Coca Cola, the teacher either does or does not give herself to Dini. It's deliberately ambiguous: she makes a move, but we don't know what actually happened, and his later accounts of it are contradictory.

Right after that party, Dini and the insistent Magda and a rebellious friend named Pierre (bitterly acted by Sándor Söth) who has already been expelled from their school, steal a car. They mean to crash the border, but they dally at Lake Balaton for a swim, and, after other dallying, Pierre goes on alone to try his luck. Dini and Magda, reconciled, return to

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Burden of Dreams. A generally fascinating documentary on the making of *Fitzcarraldo*. Possibly the first time that a feature and a film about it were in release together. (See *Fitzcarraldo* first.)

Céleste. Lovely German film about Marcel Proust and the housekeeper of his last years. Well made by Percy Adlon, delicately played by Jürgen Arndt and Eva Mattes.

Fitzcarraldo. Werner Herzog's wildly romantic saga about an Irish adventurer in Peru, c. 1910. Energy and passion, epitomized in Klaus Kinski's burning performance.

Love Child. Women's prison. Trite setting and minor characters, but exciting strength from Amy Madigan as a girl fighting for self and her child conceived in jail.

SK

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Budapest to see what, if anything, they can make of their lives there.

Much of this material is, on the surface, conventional rites-of-passage stuff; but close under that surface is political clutch. Very little is mere student prank or schoolroom drama. When some of the boys burst into the school after hours to vandalize it, one of the pictures thrown to the floor is a portrait of Lenin. The vice-headmaster, with shaven head, inspects students' belongings like a commissar. When Pierre interrupts the headmaster's speech over the school's p.a. system and shouts American song titles into the microphone—the action that gets him expelled—the headmaster has been speaking, not of school matters but of the seventeenth anniversary of the victory over the Axis and the consequent liberation of the workers. When Dini's mother goes to visit her boy's teacher, as any mother might when her son is troubled in school, she offers a money bribe (declined) and learns that the teacher's husband is almost mad with guilt about his role in 1956.

The script has four or five endings. The first is the parting of Pierre and the young lovers in 1963. Then we skip to New Year's Day 1967 for a series of brief scenes to tell us what has happened to the chief characters, each of whom has settled down or settled in. The very last shot is of Dini, now doing his military service but home on leave, peeing drunkenly against a wall. These scenes, like a checklist being ticked off, are supposed to support the title, I assume, to show us that, after all the hubbub, the status is still quo. For that reason those closing vignettes are in the black-and-white of 1956.

Gothár's direction has sympathy, heat, vigor. He keeps close to people without dousing us in close-ups; he integrates emotional movement with camera movement. But he's not yet secure or individual enough to avoid some strain and imitation. Blue mistiness hangs over the main (1963) portion of the film. It's related, he says, to the arrival of neon in Budapest, but that's *his* secret: the effect on the film is visually subversive, tending to soften its edges. Gothár gives some heavy hints: when we see the buxom teacher talking to Dini in school with a tendril of her hair loose, we get the signal that something intimate is forthcoming. And Gothár has been an assiduous filmgoer. He has seen Welles (the floor-level tracking shots in the corridor); and Lester (the boys running through the streets in high-hearted Beatles fashion en route to vandalize the school); and Truffaut (the *Jules and Jim* bits of the girl driving the car crazily, the profiles of the three fugitives in the sunlight).

Yet, despite Gothár's occasional overanxious lapses, *Time Stands Still* stands up. If we feel that we've been through some of these matters before, there is nevertheless a difference. Our rebels without a cause are precisely that; these rebels were supposed to *have* a cause, so the picture holds a good deal more than conventional adolescent turmoil.

THE MOSLEM REFORMATION

Faith and Power: The Politics of Islam by Edward Mortimer

(Random House, 415 pp., $17.95, $6.95 paper)

Islam has, during the past hundred years or so, undergone a major reformation. This reformation has profoundly transformed the moral and intellectual climate of Moslem countries. One of the reasons Westerners have on the whole completely failed to perceive this change is that they lack basic knowledge of the countries and their culture. In the absence of clear expectations about a given historical reality, changes in its course tend to go unnoticed.

The second reason why Westerners failed to note and understand this fundamental transformation is that it worked on institutions that are not simply transliterations into Arabic, so to speak, of European institutions. The European Reformation had to attack a large, centralized, and conspicuous Church, and though it claimed to be returning to the purity of original Christianity, it could hardly deny that the early condition had long since been abandoned. The Moslem reformers were attacking institutions that were fragmented (however pervasive and, jointly, dominant), and could pretend that they were restoring not merely the pure origins, but in fact a normal condition that had only been temporarily abandoned due to ignorance and weakness, or even to deliberate foreign abetting (for the purpose of weakening Moslems politically by corrupting them morally and religiously).

Notwithstanding their common origin in the Abrahamic tradition, European and Moslem institutions are not parallel. In some ways, they are even mirror images of each other. Europe was Catholic (hierarchical, ritualistic, mediation-oriented) at its center, and Protestant (egalitarian, scripturalist, and puritan) at its fringes. Islam is Protestant at its center and Catholic at its fringes. Europe had *the* Reformation. Such an expression would make no sense in the Moslem context, for Islam is a permanent or ever-renewing reformation. The one that has taken place during the past hundred years is only one of a long series. It is in no way exceptional in the quality of its leaders. It is unique and important only because of the background of fundamental social change against which it is happening, and which transforms its character.

The first thing to realize about Islam is that at its center is the idea of government not by men but by Law, and hence by lawyers. As Edward Mortimer puts it:

> As conscience-keepers of the community [the Caliphs] came to be replaced . . . by the *ulama* or 'learned men'—those who studied deeply in the holy law. . . . these men elaborated the rules derived from the Koran and the Tradition into a science of Muslim law. This law came to be regarded as . . . the way of life ordained by God for mankind. . . . if the Christian's path to salvation lies through the acceptance and imitation of Christ, that of the Muslim lies through the acceptance and obedience to God's Law . . . as guardians of the Holy Law, the *ulama* came to occupy . . . a position comparable in some respects to that of the clergy of medieval Europe. Not that they were regarded as having any spiritual power: they could not administer sacraments, pardon sins, pronounce excommunication or in any other way mediate between man and God. But . . . they were needed to legitimize political power; and against a ruler who failed to uphold the Law . . . they could act as leaders of opposition.

According to this central tradition of Islam, legitimacy, or rather the capacity to

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identify and apply the criteria of legitimacy, is vested in an open, loose association of scholars, of lawyer-theologians. Note that Mr. Mortimer says that they "could not . . . in any . . . way mediate between man and God." They were simply experts on a publicly available corpus of rules, divinely prescribed and ideally beyond the reach of social or political manipulation. It is in this sense that Islam is "protestant" at its center. There is no individual or organization with privileged access to the deity. Access is by learning only, available to anyone willing to take the trouble to acquire it.

Mr. Mortimer's characterization of all this is admirable and cannot be faulted. He can, however, be criticized for presenting this as *the* basic truth about Islam, rather than as *a* vision that has now become dominant. By formulating it at the beginning as a kind of permanent verity, he makes it that much harder for the reader to grasp the nature of the transformation that he himself later documents. For the achievement of the recent reformation is precisely that it has persuaded most Moslems that just this is the correct account of their faith.

Crucial to this doctrine is the belief that all claims to special mediation with the deity are wrong. (There is even a special name for this sin.) But in the old traditional world of Islam, men could not manage without special mediation any more than they could in other civilizations. Whatever the theological truth may be, mediation was the norm, for a variety of reasons. For one thing, in a world in which most men were illiterate, they did not in their moments of anguish find solace in the arid and unintelligible scholarship of others. They wanted something more concrete, tangible, and direct. They wanted a personal mediator; the Word must become flesh. Moreover, most of the rural Moslem world was organized into more or less autonomous and locally self-administered groups, which needed mediators with other groups, and had no use for a corps of professors endowed with abstract learning. The local holy personages were the de facto priesthood of Islam. In the name of mediating with God, they mediated between local groups, which were unable to manage without their services.

But these holy men or priest-surrogates were not united in any centralized organization. When organized at all, it was only in competing and loose associations (referred to in Western languages as "orders" or "brotherhoods"). Thus, at the center was a scripturalistic, legalistic, puritanical, sober, urban-based style of faith, with a transnational and universalistic base; and at the fringes and among the lower orders of society, there was a pluralistic multitude of hierarchical, ecstatic, ritualistic, mediation-addicted organizations or micro-churches, with an ethos of loyalty rather than of rule-observance.

This altogether inverts the opposition characteristic of European history. It also means that an Islamic reformation is a conquest by the center of the periphery, and not, as in Europe, the other way around. Moreover, the reformations happen periodically, and their conquests are ephemeral. It is in this sense that the Moslem reformation is permanent: it is a labor of Sisyphus.

THE REASON WHY this last version of the Moslem reformation was more successful than its many predecessors and looks to be permanent in its effects is not that for some reason Moslems have suddenly become more heedful of theological verities (always assuming that there is a unique theological truth and that this is it). Rather, it is that the tremendous social changes of the last 150 years have radically transformed Islamic societies, and destroyed the social basis of the previous see-saw equilibrium between two styles of religious life. The political centralization of the colonial and postcolonial state destroyed those rural self-help groups that needed holy mediators; the anonymity and mobility of modern urban or urban-dominated life made necessary an identification with a literate and scribe-sustained culture, rather than with a local shrine and its saintly guardian. Furthermore, there was the need for collective self-identification in the anti-colonial struggle, which could be supplied by the scholars as keepers of a general culture, but not by the territorially and functionally most specific petty saints. So this, the umpteenth reformation within Islam, turns out to be definitive. Its doctrines contain new additions explaining the temporary political eclipse of Islam, and its remedies. In Europe, the Reformation preceded nationalism and prepared the ground for it; in Islam, the two are fused.

Mr. Mortimer's book is an excellent introduction to the maze of Moslem politics and theology, whether or not one agrees with all its stresses and interpretations. It assumes no prior knowledge, uses no jargon, and is full of ideas and relevant information. But history has made his task harder, by having decided to arouse Western interest in the political potential of Islam through the Iranian revolution, which took

CLOSER

Closer to the matter's heart,
past the care of rage, beyond uncaring,
flourished the reckless stillness
I came to. Down eastern slopes,

wind bore summer's tinder, rubbing
forests' dry sticks until air,
incensed with pine and dust,
singed lawns brown as the scrub

they were meant to contest.
Against tumbleweeds, frilled fences
caved. It snapped the screen-door's
spine—a book I slammed open

to brook no more of your arguing
my side against me as if love
gave you leave. Wordless,
ratty letters swam the page,

paragraphs sinking, weighed
by that scent rank as desire
or decay. But such perfumed anger
was just skin—uphill where the road

thinned as did air still higher,
altitude hoarded its seasonless chill—
snow blanched luminous as ghostflowers
in the forest's dim depth,

my hand burning before a fist of it melted.

DEBORA GREGER

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place in a somewhat atypical context.

It was natural that the Iranian revolution should exercise this fascination. Technically it was an astonishing performance, surpassing by far the French, Russian, and Chinese revolutions. The regime that it toppled had not been crippled by insolvency or by a lost war: it had more money than it knew what to do with, and its enormous army was entirely intact. This revolutionary miracle inspired first awe and then, when it played itself out, horror. Here the lawyer-theologians took over leadership and the state. Why had this taken so long to happen? "Why were the *ulama* able and willing to play this role in Iran and not in other Muslim countries, at any rate after . . . 1826?" The question is all the more acute because, since the early nineteenth century, the *ulama* had greatly improved their moral standing to the detriment of their unscholarly, mediation-peddling, dubiously orthodox rivals. Why were they unable normally to turn their enhanced moral authority to political account? And why were they able to do it in Iran?

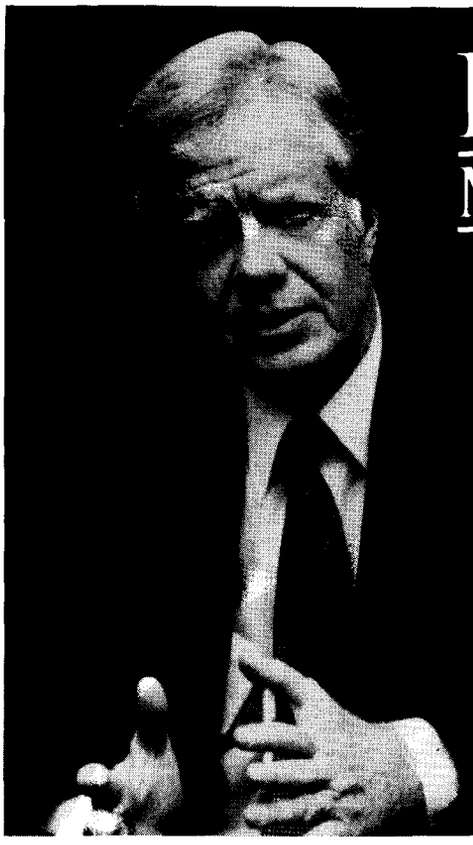
The Shia branch of Islam, to which Iranians adhere, has a number of distinctive features that may help to explain this achievement and preclude extension of the same argument to non-Shia Moslem lands. (Iran is the only predominantly Shia country, and the only one in which the currently dominant ethnic group defines itself in terms of Shiism.) There are several relevant idiosyncrasies.

First, like Christianity, and altogether unlike mainstream Sunni Islam, Shiism has a martyrdom foundation myth, the powerful memory of which is kept vividly alive by annual passion plays. Unlike the Christian one, the martyrdom was rapidly and bloodily avenged. Both martyrdom and revenge are held up as models. The initial martyrdom was inflicted by a Moslem ruler. So Shiites internalize, at each annual passion play, the idea that a Moslem ruler may be the paradigm of evil and deserve to be violently overthrown, that to achieve this requires willingness to undergo martyrdom, and that the job must be completed with bloody thoroughness.

Second, the opposition between learned scholars and popular holy men is far less sharp in Shiism than it is in Sunni Islam. Shia scholars are authorities on the biography of the founder-martyr, as much or more so than they are mere jurists. Whereas Sunni scholars could only satisfy the new need for providing a collective self-image for anonymous masses by cutting themselves off from folk needs for concrete imagery and direct services, the Shia ones did not face the same dilemma. They could speak in terms of the concrete political imagery of martyr and usurper, and yet be addressing all Iranians or all Shiites. Thus, Iranian Shia scholars could take part in the general move toward rigorous fundamentalism, and yet retain their organizational and communication links with the masses.

Third, the Shiite attitude to involvement in politics is distinctive. Mr. Mortimer rightly disowns the simplistic theory according to which Shia scholars condemn all secular authority as illegitimate, on the grounds that power rightly belongs only to the Hidden Imam. It is not as simple as that; Shiites have come to terms with the fact that if He is hidden and remains so, one must still get on with the business of maintaining a social order in the meantime.

Shia political theology can perhaps best be explained by analogy with Marxism-Leninism. In principle, Marxism holds *all* political power to be illegitimate, because all state power is simply



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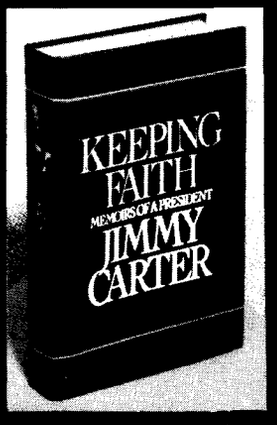

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the protection of the interests of the dominant class, and since class structure as such is wrong, so is its coercive protection. But this does not mean that Marxists are enjoined to be political quietists. Admittedly, the only fully legitimate social order will be one without classes, and hence automatically one without a state (for the state will then have no job whatsoever to do). *But in the meantime* (we always live in the meantime), classes and states do exist, and while waiting for the fully legitimate order to make its appearance, some interim action is called for. What's to be done?

While the class struggle persists, the proletarian party, as vanguard of the working class, assumes a pro tem caretakership, and carries out its obligations with the due ruthlessness of martial law, proclaimed to cope with an emergency situation. The absence of the fully legitimate order constitutes a permanent emergency. The caretakers will be taken to account by history for how they discharge their trust, and must not betray it by misplaced leniency.

Similarly in Shiism, the fact that real, ultimate legitimacy resides with the Higher and Hidden One means that those capable and obliged to act as His temporary stand-ins, during this continued occultation of higher authority, have more rather than less cause to assume political responsibility. They must use it with all the firmness, determination, and unwillingness to compromise called for by the grave perils, occasioned by the temporary (but perhaps quite prolonged) absence of rightful ultimate authority. Sunni *ulama* are not only obliged to believe that the world should be run in accordance with divine law, but must try to bring this about in cooperation with the community and its executive rulers; Shiite ones hold the world in trust for an absolute executive ruler, and are thus liable to be called to account for how they administer this trust. They do not anticipate blame for excess of zeal, but take no chances about having to face the charge of lack of it.

These, at any rate, are the factors that can be invoked after the event to explain it. I hasten to confess that I had not perceived them before the event. Mr. Mortimer provides a great deal of valuable detail about Iranian developments and ideologies. I note that his favored Iranian informant is the same as mine, the exiled sociologist-historian Said Arjomand. Mr. Mortimer almost always writes with sympathy about his subject, and there remains a touch of sorrow even in his characterization of the current Iranian situation: " . . . Iran in 1981 has become a fearsome and depressing place, apparently determined to live up to all the most negative Western stereotypes about Islam." He notes various ironies of events in Iran: it was precisely the Shiite scholars who had helped to deter the Shah's father from setting up a republic and emulating Ataturk, thus encouraging him to set up the Pahlavi dynasty; and Khomeini's previously published political philosophy had been closer to Sunnism than that of the other Shia theologians. He recommended a nondivine base for government, justified only by legal competence and good will recognized apparently in the ordinary kind of way. This clerisy had, it appears, been pushed toward a theocratic republic in spite of itself. The revolution had made it, more than it had made the revolution.

IF IRAN saddens him, Mr. Mortimer feels more hope when he turns to consider the Turkish scene. A murderous theocracy, a provisional (but sine die) dictatorship of scholars waiting for the divine ruler to return, and determined that there shall be no corruption on earth while they wait, is of course less cheering than a country that, though turbulent and violent, seems to be struggling hard to find its national and religious soul. Here the book becomes interestingly personal. In his preface, the author lays bare his personal and political identity. At first I thought he was merely covering himself in the current debate about "Orientalism," about whether Westerners may speak about Islam, which has become very personal. ("You say that because you are a Birmingham Buddhist." "Ah, only a Maryland Methodist would make an accusation like that.") But there is more to it than that.

> . . . for the record let me define myself as a Christian of the Church of England by upbringing and by emotive affiliation, a sceptic by intellectual training, and a social democrat by political preference.

A teasing confession, this: having *nearly* undressed, why does he not go all the way and tell us whether his convictions conform to his emotive affiliation or to his intellectual training? There are two possible explanations (and I suspect, without actually knowing, that both apply). First, the organization that enjoys his affective loyalty is perfectly content with such emotive affiliation, and would even be a little embarrassed by over-eager doctrinal endorsement—this being an attitude expressed with differing degrees of candor by some of its own prelates. Second, it is felt that the broken link between doctrine and sentiment should be decently clouded by nostalgia, ambiguity, and indecision. In simpler language, Mr. Mortimer has refrained from telling us not from secretiveness, but because he has not altogether made up his mind, and the spirit of his church does anything rather than push him toward doing so.

All this is relevant, because Mr. Mortimer is obviously toying with the idea that the Turks might usefully take a leaf from his own book:

> Since Islam was so central to the idea of Turkish nationality, it was natural for Turkish nationalists to proclaim Islam as *their national religion and to seek to develop* a national version of it. As one of them later put it: We want to construct a Turkish Islam, which will be ours . . . just as Anglicanism is Christianity in a thoroughly English fashion. . . . Why, in other words, should Mustafa Kemal not repeat the achievement of Henry VIII?

Mr. Mortimer spells out some of the reasons why not, but continues to toy with the idea. By way of caution, I'd say that the English compromise took about a century and a half to reach a stable balance, involving a bloody civil war and a couple of coups, not counting the unsuccessful ones. In a much shorter time the Turks have already overtaken the number of coups, and equaled the number of executions of chief officers of state (and probably will have no trouble at all in overtaking that record also), but they have so far avoided the civil war, so they are not doing too badly. And there is no Anne Boleyn in Ataturk's life.

FOR A NATION that does not have much of an intellectual reputation (the Iranians have a saying, "stupid as a Turk"), the Turks have been very assiduous in seeking solutions for their troubles in the works of intellectuals. They were the ones to rediscover Ibn Khaldun, when they first noticed their decline and were seeking a remedy. (There is an irony in this, for the Ottoman Empire is the one Moslem state that is difficult to reconcile with Ibn Khaldun's theories.) Later, they turned to Émile Durkheim for a solution of the problem of identity and cohesion. But I like Mr. Mortimer's suggestion that what they should really be doing is studying the policies of Henry VIII's Archbishop Thomas Cranmer.

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Leading Turkish intellectuals such as Şerif Mardin (whom Mr. Mortimer quotes) would, I think, feel entirely in sympathy with the spirit of this recommendation.

Mr. Mortimer not only deals with the extreme cases of Iranian theocracy and Turkish secularism, but also has chapters about Pakistan and Saudi Arabia (both extremely informative), about Soviet Central Asia (a thin and disappointing chapter), and a packed one about the heartlands of Arab nationalism. Finally, there is also a conclusion.

Here, he asks two related questions, without distinguishing with sufficient emphasis between them. Is there a unique entity called Islam? And will Moslems agree about what it is? He answers both in the negative, and concludes from this (mistakenly, I think) that "Western notions about 'Islam' as a geopolitical force—whether as a menace to the 'free world' or a potential ally against Soviet communism—are fundamentally misplaced." I do not think this follows from the premises, and the premises in turn are questionable.

WHETHER you think there is a unique identifiable entity called "Islam" depends on your theology or your metaphysics, and is not relevant here. That Moslems disagree about the nature of that entity in some measure is beyond dispute, though the precise extent of their disagreement is open to further inquiry. What is relevant is this: Islam is a civilization or a style of thought and feeling that possesses *within itself* a method for deciding this very question: What is Islam, and what are its social commandments? And there is now a fair amount of consensus among Moslems as to what that method is.

The method is to appeal to a relatively well-circumscribed and neatly identifiable revelation, consisting of the Koran plus (a little more contentiously) a not-too-intolerably cumbersome corpus of interpretations, deductions, and "traditions." Most important, the entire corpus is not too heavily burdened by archaic institutional assumptions, or by assertions about the world that are in conflict with modern scientific or historical opinion. The identification and interpretation of this revelation is to be decided on fairly equal terms by those qualified by adequate scholarship, faith in the revelation, and personal integrity.

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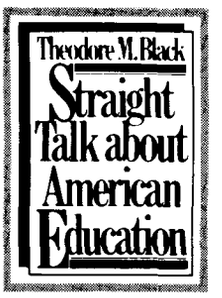
"Ted Black may well become the Tom Paine of American education."
—Chester E. Finn



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Islam is that it is largely acceptable to men living in industrial or industrializing, urban or urbanizing, mobile, anonymous, egalitarian, literate or literacy-seeking societies. The method and its social components are attractive in the actual conditions prevailing in Moslem countries, and are consequently suitable media of political mobilization.

It is in this sociological sense that a normative Islam does exist, and has enormous political importance. Moslems possess the means of sustaining the belief, whether illusory or not, that there is a unique faith and a unique implementation of it, and of identifying it without perhaps too much intolerable conflict. That this should be so is the work of the reform movement. The chief element in the method, a kind of egalitarian scripturalism, was once *a* competing element in Islam, but is now *the* dominant one. It is strange that Mr. Mortimer, who opens the book by presenting the reformed vision of Islam as the correct one (thus rather selling short the deviant traditions of the past), ends up by confessing skepticism about the availability of a uniquely correct vision. At a theological level, I have no wish whatever to quarrel with him about this. At a sociological level, what matters is that Moslems have been effectively provided with a means of sustaining and putting into effect the belief in such a unique and identifiable program, and that the method consists of elements that are on the whole congruent with modern conditions and viable. It is this that makes Islam into such an unusually powerful political force, and it is this that must be understood.

ERNEST GELLNER

Ernest Gellner is the author, most recently, of *Muslim Society* (Cambridge University Press).

PORTRAIT OF A LIAR

Katherine Anne Porter: A Life by Joan Givner

(Simon and Schuster, 456 pp., $19.95)

This is the story of a writer who spent far more time on the outward presentation of herself than on the inner pursuit of her art; it is the story of a self-invented, sometimes brave, and often ruthless "personality" who managed to turn a genuine small gold nugget of talent into a gushing currency of adulation that would last her lifetime; it is also the story of the rewards and tribulations of the over-encouraged artist.

Katherine Anne Porter was born Callie Porter in 1880 (which she changed to 1894, until, at age 70, she claimed her true age, saying there were really only three ages: "young, mature and remarkable.") She grew up in degrading poverty, in embarrassingly cramped living quarters, in Kyle, Texas. Well-meaning neighbors sent over cast-off clothing to the four motherless children living with their rather shiftless father and tough grandmother, whom the townspeople called "Aunt Cat," and from whom Porter was to take her new first name. After Aunt Cat's death, the teenaged Porter persuaded the father to borrow money and move them to San Antonio so the girls could have one year in a good school. This was the Thomas School, a small private institution near Woodlawn Lake. The founder, Asa Thomas, knew that his school would be all the cultural training most of these girls would ever get, and he crammed the year full of music, manners, elocution, and memorization of the great poets. Though this one year contributed inestimably to Porter's subsequent "creation" of herself, she bitterly denied ever having been there. ("... [T]here is a rumor that I once went to school in a thoroughly dinky girls school by a lake in the deep suburbs in an unknown area that I was completely unconscious of and which had no definite place in my life.")

She chose instead to have been educated at "a convent in New Orleans," as her fictional alter ego, Miranda Gay, would be. Aunt Cat's barely adequate house she transformed into a vast household, teeming with faithful Negro servants and rich menus and music and books. As soon as she had money, she bought "family heirlooms" from antique shops. She looked up the name Porter, and her mother's name, Jones, in genealogies, and skimmed the cream off the top and annexed it to her "family tree." Her father's middle name had been Boone, and she claimed to be descended from Daniel Boone's brother Jonathan, whose record of descendants was obscure enough for her to get away with it.

After a bit of acting and journalism, an undistinguished marriage, and a bout with TB that would leave her frail all her life, she descended on New York City with her "aristocratic background" and her determination to "write as well as anyone in America one day."

SHE WAS thirty years old in 1920, when she moved into her Greenwich Village flat and decorated it with purple furniture and bright pillows and began to meet and charm the people who would help her make her literary reputation and who were so smitten by her that they would "take up collections" for her whenever she needed to "get away" to Mexico or Bermuda. She was pretty, Southern ("full of old-fashioned airs and graces that made her seem very different from the New Woman one saw in New York at this time . . .," as one influential lover later wrote of her). She had a sharp, often deadly wit that delighted these word-people when it hit its mark, and even Edmund Wilson was "mesmerized" by her tales of her family back in the Old South. During this time she supported herself by hack work, interviewing film stars and rewriting old myths into children's stories, though she was later to deny this period of lowly grubbing.

Nine years later—after flights and sojourns in Mexico, Bermuda, and New England, another disappointing marriage, a series of love affairs, and all the tumults and procrastinations that would be the pattern of her life—she launched her career with a collection of six stories published in a limited edition of 600 copies by a less-than-enthusiastic Harcourt Brace, who had at last given in to the clamorous behests of her influential lover and mentor, Matthew Josephson, and her four ardent friends: Edmund Wilson, Yvor Winters, Allen Tate, and Caroline Gordon. (Several years later, Gordon and Tate got a rejected story of Porter's into the *Virginia Quarterly* by telling the editor he would bring "lasting obloquy" on the magazine if he did not print something by Porter.)

The collection of stories, *Flowering Judas*, was published to very enthusiastic

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reviews, many of which were written by her friends, and, after a rather lavish stay in Mexico (paid for by another "collection"), she and her third husband-to-be set sail for Germany on her Guggenheim. Their ship was the S.S. *Werra*, which was, over three decades later, to become the *Ship of Fools*, and Porter took exhaustive notes on the passengers.

At this point in Joan Givner's biography (which reads almost novelistically, rather like a Southern Becky Sharp's rise to literary power told by an impartial overseer, who can foreshadow or provide links between the life and the work), you will probably want to rush out to the library, as I did, and take out the Porter oeuvre, and see if it will crumble before your eyes, now that you have learned what an outrageous *Hochstapler* Katherine Anne Porter was. (Auden once called her "an absolute crook.")

I advise this. Go get the novel and the stories, and then alternate a few chapters of fascinating, procrastinating, vain, snobbish, lying, irrational, plucky Katherine Anne with, say, whatever story she was writing, or percolating, at the time. (Some of her best stories took decades to brew.) You will learn, as I learned, an interesting lesson: the one D. H. Lawrence expressed when he said, "Let me hear what the novel says. As for the novelist, he is usually a dribbling liar." In Porter's case substitute "stories" for "novel." Rereading *Ship of Fools* is disappointing without all the hype that bullied us twenty years ago. I agree with Givner: Porter's art was in the short story.

> She was perceptive and insightful in depicting characters but she was not able to show them growing, changing, or maturing. Similarly, she could portray incidents that were dramatic or arresting but she was not able to imagine them as causing significant changes in the lives of her characters.

Katherine Anne did not behave well in Germany. So after you have read about her treatment of the young American Jewish newspaper correspondent and his mother, and her "date" with Hermann Goering, it might be a good idea to take an intermission and read "The Leaning Tower," the story that came out of her German years just before World War II. (The character of Hans von Gehring, the student with the dueling scar, is based on Goering and the "political talk" she had with him.) Then, armed with the calm, doomed *veracity* of that story, you can—perhaps—make allowances for the fallibility of the woman who boasts to students in a later chapter of her life about how she "met Hitler" and knew at once he was evil and how she tried to warn the people back home, only they wouldn't listen; or who, furious at a handful of reviewers who dared to criticize her unflattering portrayal of her one Jewish passenger in *Ship of Fools*, went on an anti-Semitic binge, scrawling the following tirade in a book by a Jew: "Everybody except the Jews knows the Jews are not chosen but are a lot of noisy, arrogant, stupid people and then what?"

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Porter returned home from Europe in 1936, began to shed her third (and nicest) husband, and, in one of her sporadic-but-intense bouts of creativity, holed up in a Pennsylvania inn and turned out three stories (two of which were among her best: "Noon Wine" and "Pale Horse, Pale Rider") in twenty-one days. This was her typical working pattern. Sometimes she would go years without writing anything, and then a configuration of images and incidents would coalesce with memory and she would write the whole thing down in a fever.

In the years that followed, she wrestled with the one novel she would ever write. As always, she was enthusiastically encouraged by her friends, who got her houses and grants and jobs when she had used up the advances from publishers for undelivered work. (One of her favorite ways of raising money was to get advances for all sorts of projects, including a biography of Cotton Mather that she promised for over half her life to deliver, and never did.)

The second half of her life accelerates into a dizzying agenda of friends, elaborate dinner parties (she adored entertaining), trips, lectures, another husband twenty-one years her junior, wild purchases of jewelry, clothes, and "heirlooms," a house she could not afford, loans from friends, and love affairs with young men. (We learn who the ungentlemanly tattletale was who gave Truman Capote the material for his salacious short story "Unspoiled Monsters," about a young writer's affair with the elderly lady of letters, "Alice Lee Langman.")

Givner speculates interestingly and

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compassionately about why Porter failed, again and again, to fulfill her professional expectations. Her scanty education had done little to overcome her short interest span: "the kind of perseverance she had developed had prepared her to move forward through a series of upheavals and jolts but . . . not . . . for long, uneventful hours of working doggedly at one task." And also: "Porter's need for love was far beyond the ordinary. . . . she never did resist the temptation to abandon her work and throw herself single-mindedly into one more affair."

Porter's powerful friends, however, kept faith in her for the twenty-two years she labored on *Ship of Fools*. Publishers kept reissuing her stories, or making up new volumes whenever there were a few more, and her friends would give her rave reviews. She was firmly established in the public eye as the American Lady of Letters long before she finally produced her novel at the age of seventy two.

The story of the multitude of ways she found to evade her novel provides a sad but perversely entertaining subplot to the latter half of her biography. We see her rushing off to California, or to Ann Arbor, to teach (modeling a knee length strand of pearls that cost most of her salary before her enchanted students); we see her recite poetry and speak on the dangers of Fascism at writers' conferences; we read the tempting supper menus she sends to the young man who lived below her in Washington, inviting him to share her fare. One summer, she puts her typewriter in the repair shop and leaves it there until fall. At sixty-nine she has an affair with her forty-nine-year-old eye doctor. She gives frequent dinner parties; here is a guest's description of the atmosphere:

> . . . typical KAP evening at her house last night. It consists of everyone . . . sitting around and listening to her talk about herself. Once in a while she stops and says she shouldn't go on like that but goes right ahead just the same. It makes her feel she has stopped after that. The rules of the game are that you don't interrupt and no one talks of anyone else. You have delicious Jack Daniels whiskey and a marvellous dinner which she does all herself, including home-baked bread. Good wine, good coffee and liquers. Then you listen to a letter---2 pages closely written that is a photostat of one she wrote to someone who sold it before he died and she got a copy and just loves it. Then she autographs a photograph of herself for each one all around the margin saying "To Marcella a souvenir of the house in Q street" all dated and everything to make it easier for you to sell, if you can bear to part with it later on.

Ship of Fools made her fortune, but it was almost like an afterlude to her fame. Though most of the reviews were indiscriminate raves (only Stanley Kauffmann and Theodore Solotaroff kept their heads, expressing some serious reservations), it did not win the expected prizes. Her old publishers, however, issued *The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter* three years later, and it won both the Pulitzer and the National Book Award. Porter lived eighteen more years, writing hardly anything, preparing her posthumous image. She selected the university that would house her papers, approved the furnishings, bought a mail-order coffin that she liked to pose in for her friends. She went to the movie of *Ship of Fools* with the young man downstairs, refurbished her Catholicism (letting the nuns and priests take turns trying on her huge, square-cut emerald ring), and appointed her biographer. She had liked Miss Givner's commentaries on her stories.

What would Porter think of this engrossing biography? Would she have scribbled her typical phrases in the margins? ("Ingrate!" "Damn fool!" "Filthy lie!") Perhaps; perhaps not. After all, Porter herself provided much of the incriminating evidence in her own letters and notes.

It is certain that she would not like to read that all of her work is probably not immortal; but I can imagine her snorting with laughter and sipping a little champagne as she relives her incredible life—and giving herself every bit of the credit for the riveting quality of this book.

GAIL GODWIN

Gail Godwin's most recent novel is *A Mother and Two Daughters* (Viking).

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A DARK ART

The Names
by Don DeLillo

(Knopf, 323 pp., $13.50)

Don DeLillo occupies a relatively sun-lit corner of that school of American writers who might be called Occultists—not because they deal with the supernatural (though some occasionally do) but because they see hidden correspondences between phenomena of the most heterogenous kind. Everything is in code; sometimes the code is to be cracked; sometimes the code is to be compared, structurally, with other codes, all of them equally filled with, or devoid of, significance. John Barth's monumental *Letters* is a good example of the genre. So are Pynchon's *V*, *The Crying of Lot 49*, and *Gravity's Rainbow*. Often such fiction has a pronounced paranoid streak: not only codes but conspiracies abound, and for every conspiracy there is a counter-conspiracy and then a counter-counter-conspiracy that mirrors the first—and on and one in what can seem like an infinite regress.

Occultist novels provide engrossing games for the adept. For others, they are likely to seem static, even airless. From the start DeLillo's fiction has tended in the occultist direction, indulging obsessively in the creation or exploration of correspondences. From the start, too, his novels have been distinguished by a liveliness of style and intellect and an apti-

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tude for vivid description that go far to compensate for the narrative inertia that has overtaken his earlier books. Since *Ratner's Star*, the apogee or nadir of his mirror-game experiments, DeLillo has opened his fiction to the possibilities of more extroverted action. The speeded-up pace in both *Players* and *Running Dog* seems to me all to the good. The two novels present a continually interesting, often entertaining texture, though they are likely to leave the reader eventually numbed by the unrelieved sleaziness and horror of the image of American life they project. The occult is to be found less in correspondences than in the preoccupation with covert organizations, plots, counterplots, spying, and terrorism.

In *The Names*, DeLillo has abandoned the dingy streets of lower Manhattan, where much of the earlier fiction is set, for the sun-struck, glaring landscapes of Greece and the Near and Middle East. The scene shift is dazzling: as always, DeLillo evokes his settings with such precision and sensuous detail that he runs the danger of having them assume a distinctiveness that his characters may lack. But we soon find that the familiar DeLillo weed patch of contemporary malaise, *Angst*, and planned or gratuitous violence is easily transplantable. The major occult element in the novel—there are other, minor mysteries—concerns a nomadic cult that appears variously on a Cycladic island, on a desolate, boulder-strewn peninsula in the Peloponnese, and in the tawny rubble of the Indian desert; earlier, the cult or one of its cells (there seem to be several) has sojourned briefly in Jordan and Syria. The cult is without a name, but it is intensely interested in names—and in alphabets and inscriptions. Its supreme ritualistic observance involves the murdering—by hammer or sharpened stones—of some mentally or physically defective person whose name happens to have the same initials as the place where the murder is perpetrated.

Our guide to these arcana is James Axton, a late-thirtyish American "risk analyst" based in Athens, where he works for a company (part of a huge conglomerate) that insures other multinational enterprises against losses entailed by coups, revolutions, anti-American demonstrations, etc., in the eastern Mediterranean and Islamic world. As such, he is part of a subculture of American "business people in transit" who may be interned in Tehran on one trip or feasted in Abu Dhabi on the next.

> We advised each other on which remote cities were well maintained, which were notable for wild dogs running in packs at night, snipers in the business district at high noon. . . . We knew where martial law was in force, where body searches were made, where they engaged in systematic torture, or fired assault rifles into the air at weddings, or abducted and ransomed executives. This was the humor of personal humiliation.

Axton drinks with his fellow expatriates in Athens, flirts rather chastely with their wives, and pays frequent visits to the island of Kouros, where his estranged wife Kathryn is working on an archaeological dig and his nine-year-old son Tap is scribbling away at a novel. It is on Kouros that Axton first hears of the dirty, bedraggled little group of cave-dwellers encountered in the upper reaches of the island by Owen Brademas, the archaeologist in charge of Kathryn's dig. Are they responsible for the bludgeoning, shortly afterward, of an old man—an event that sets the whole island talking? Brademas, whose major interest is epigraphy, is fascinated by the fragmentary evidence of an alphabet-obsessed cult of killers; so, for different reasons, is a maverick filmmaker, Frank Volterra, an old friend of

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the Axtons who arrives on the island and talks at length to Brademas; and so is Axton himself.

Brademas's own preoccupation with the letters (as opposed to the *meaning*) of inscriptions seems to have roots in a childhood spent in the prairie states, where he attended evangelical services that involved "speaking in tongues"—i.e., the utterance of nonsense syllables in an ecstatic state. As a boy, he resisted the efforts of his parents and the preacher to get him to participate; as a man of sixty he has in a sense despaired of meaning but longs to associate himself with the corrupted ecstacy of a meaningless act. Volterra, on the other hand, wants to film the cult as its members prepare for one of their murders. He is the ultimate voyeur-exploiter, a late twentieth-century sensationalist. The motives that impel Axton to follow Volterra and Brademas at a safe distance, gleaning what he can, are more nebulous. Though he too is drawn toward the deadly vacuum of the cult, he is not prepared to surrender his humanity to the nihilism that Volterra and Brademas in differing ways represent.

Much of this is interestingly and complexly conceived. But the very existence of the cult, which is crucial to the central action of the novel, is never made plausible—at least not to me. While one shouldn't expect a novelist as devoted to the elliptical as DeLillo to spell out all the answers, something more concrete and less arbitrary than what he gives is needed. One craves a bit of history: how did the cult, which, we are told, is not very old, begin? How did its polyglot members, who seem to be vaguely European, ever find one another? In a novel as essentially realistic as *The Names*, there is a limit to what one is willing to accept as "given." Similarly, Brademas, the Conradian figure who ventures furthest into the heart of negation, seems too willed or confected a character, his motivations too theoretical, his dark sayings too pretentious.

The Names is only intermittently compelling as a story, for DeLillo has chosen to pursue other concerns that lead away from the central action. Among the most rewarding of these are the long, somewhat oblique conversations with other members of the expatriate circle, particularly a middle-aged, half-British couple named Charles and Ann Maitland. The talk, revolving around aspects of their uprooted existence, is full of the unexpected and is often witty—as when Axton points out to the adulterously inclined Ann, whom he greatly likes, that love affairs may be functions of geography, of a woman's need to deepen her experience of a place to which her husband's job has taken her and which she will have to leave through no choice of her own. "You want to keep something for yourself that isn't a tribal mask or figurine," he says, and Ann agrees: ". . . I might buy that. Some women have a way of planning their memories." In another conversation, during which Volterra has held forth excitedly on the significance of film, his cynical girlfriend comments: ". . . Film, film. Like insects making a noise. Film, film, film. Rubbing their front wings together. Film, film. A summer day in the meadow, the sky's full of heat and glare. Film, film, film, film." Other diversions—invariably well written—include descriptive set pieces, episodes concerning Kathryn or Tap, chance encounters, random memories of Axton's; even a section from Tap's novel is inserted—its misspellings intact—at the end.

By thus breaking up the story line DeLillo has kept *The Names* from assuming the shape that we conventionally associate with novels of quest or revelation. What he achieves is a deliberate unshapeliness, a sense of fragmentation, menace, and loose ends that seems appropriate enough to our experience of the final, ominous decades of this extraordinary century. What he loses is some of the potential force that a greater concentration of his effects might have produced. I found myself reading *The Names* with much interest and with moments of high delight but with little sense of urgency. And I was left more hungry than gratified at the end. Nearly every page testifies to DeLillo's exceptional gifts as a writer—a writer who has not yet, in my view, published a novel whose total impact is equal to the brilliance of its parts.

ROBERT TOWERS

Robert Towers's new novel, *The Summoning*, will be published by Harper and Row this spring.

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place in a somewhat atypical context.

It was natural that the Iranian revolution should exercise this fascination. Technically it was an astonishing performance, surpassing by far the French, Russian, and Chinese revolutions. The regime that it toppled had not been crippled by insolvency or by a lost war: it had more money than it knew what to do with, and its enormous army was entirely intact. This revolutionary miracle inspired first awe and then, when it played itself out, horror. Here the lawyer-theologians took over leadership and the state. Why had this taken so long to happen? "Why were the *ulama* able and willing to play this role in Iran and not in other Muslim countries, at any rate after . . . 1826?" The question is all the more acute because, since the early nineteenth century, the *ulama* had greatly improved their moral standing to the detriment of their unscholarly, mediation-peddling, dubiously orthodox rivals. Why were they unable normally to turn their enhanced moral authority to political account? And why were they able to do it in Iran?

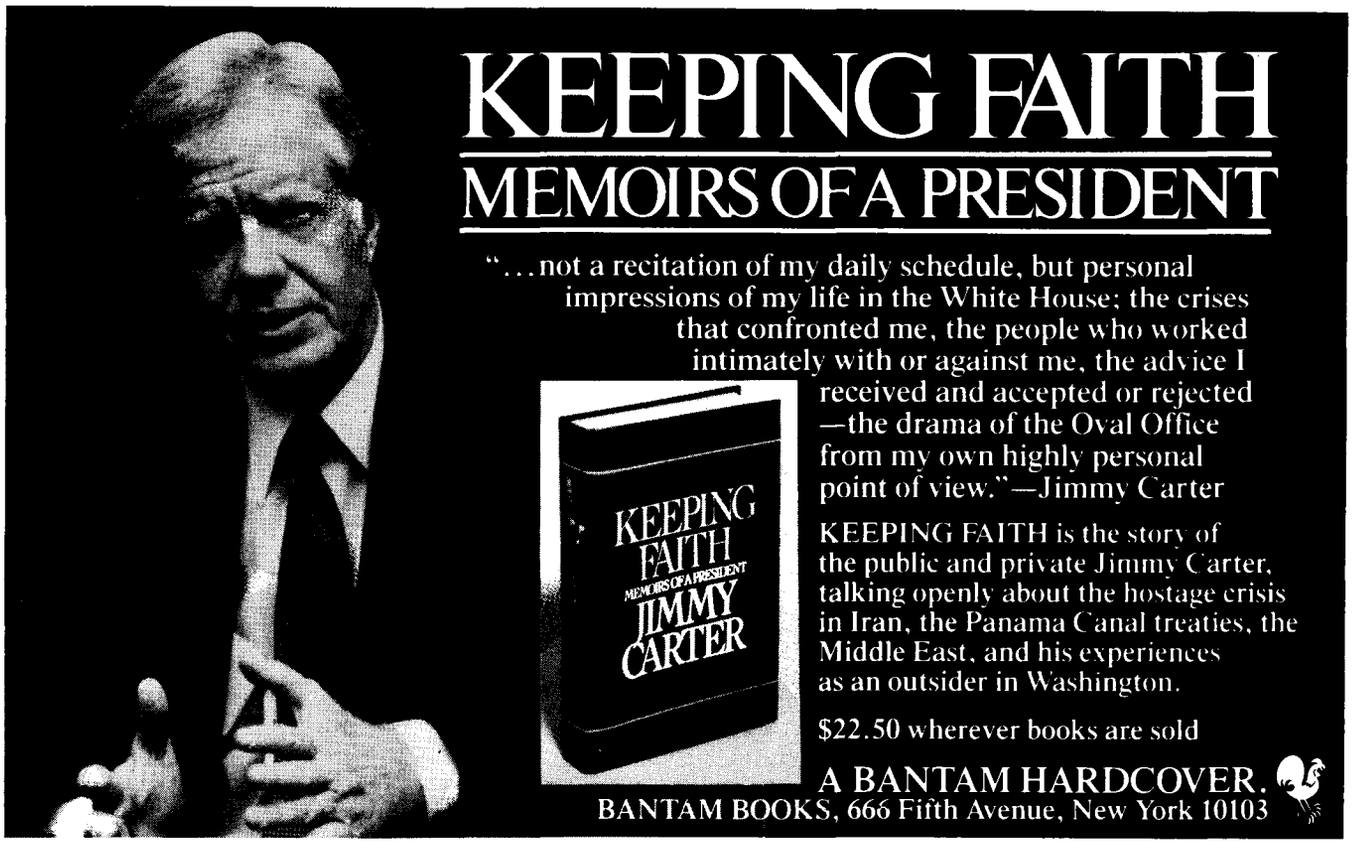
The Shia branch of Islam, to which Iranians adhere, has a number of distinctive features that may help to explain this achievement and preclude extension of the same argument to non-Shia Moslem lands. (Iran is the only predominantly Shia country, and the only one in which the currently dominant ethnic group defines itself in terms of Shiism.) There are several relevant idiosyncrasies.

First, like Christianity, and altogether unlike mainstream Sunni Islam, Shiism has a martyrdom foundation myth, the powerful memory of which is kept vividly alive by annual passion plays. Unlike the Christian one, the martyrdom was rapidly and bloodily avenged. Both martyrdom and revenge are held up as models. The initial martyrdom was inflicted by a Moslem ruler. So Shiites internalize, at each annual passion play, the idea that a Moslem ruler may be the paradigm of evil and deserve to be violently overthrown, that to achieve this requires willingness to undergo martyrdom, and that the job must be completed with bloody thoroughness.

Second, the opposition between learned scholars and popular holy men is far less sharp in Shiism than it is in Sunni Islam. Shia scholars are authorities on the biography of the founder-martyr, as much or more so than they are mere jurists. Whereas Sunni scholars could only satisfy the new need for providing a collective self-image for anonymous masses by cutting themselves off from folk needs for concrete imagery and direct services, the Shia ones did not face the same dilemma. They could speak in terms of the concrete political imagery of martyr and usurper, and yet be addressing all Iranians or all Shiites. Thus, Iranian Shia scholars could take part in the general move toward rigorous fundamentalism, and yet retain their organizational and communication links with the masses.

Third, the Shiite attitude to involvement in politics is distinctive. Mr. Mortimer rightly disowns the simplistic theory according to which Shia scholars condemn all secular authority as illegitimate, on the grounds that power rightly belongs only to the Hidden Imam. It is not as simple as that; Shiites have come to terms with the fact that if He is hidden and remains so, one must still get on with the business of maintaining a social order in the meantime.

Shia political theology can perhaps best be explained by analogy with Marxism-Leninism. In principle, Marxism holds *all* political power to be illegitimate, because all state power is simply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the protection of the interests of the dominant class, and since class structure as such is wrong, so is its coercive protection. But this does not mean that Marxists are enjoined to be political quietists. Admittedly, the only fully legitimate social order will be one without classes, and hence automatically one without a state (for the state will then have no job whatsoever to do). *But in the meantime* (we always live in the meantime), classes and states do exist, and while waiting for the fully legitimate order to make its appearance, some interim action is called for. What's to be done?

While the class struggle persists, the proletarian party, as vanguard of the working class, assumes a pro tem caretakership, and carries out its obligations with the due ruthlessness of martial law, proclaimed to cope with an emergency situation. The absence of the fully legitimate order constitutes a permanent emergency. The caretakers will be taken to account by history for how they discharge their trust, and must not betray it by misplaced leniency.

Similarly in Shiism, the fact that real, ultimate legitimacy resides with the Higher and Hidden One means that those capable and obliged to act as His temporary stand-ins, during this continued occultation of higher authority, have more rather than less cause to assume political responsibility. They must use it with all the firmness, determination, and unwillingness to compromise called for by the grave perils, occasioned by the temporary (but perhaps quite prolonged) absence of rightful ultimate authority. Sunni *ulama* are not only obliged to believe that the world should be run in accordance with divine law, but must try to bring this about in cooperation with the community and its executive rulers; Shiite ones hold the world in trust for an absolute executive ruler, and are thus liable to be called to account for how they administer this trust. They do not anticipate blame for excess of zeal, but take no chances about having to face the charge of lack of it.

These, at any rate, are the factors that can be invoked after the event to explain it. I hasten to confess that I had not perceived them before the event. Mr. Mortimer provides a great deal of valuable detail about Iranian developments and ideologies. I note that his favored Iranian informant is the same as mine, the exiled sociologist-historian Said Arjomand. Mr. Mortimer almost always writes with sympathy about his subject, and there remains a touch of sorrow even in his characterization of the current Iranian situation: " . . . Iran in 1981 has become a fearsome and depressing place, apparently determined to live up to all the most negative Western stereotypes about Islam." He notes various ironies of events in Iran: it was precisely the Shiite scholars who had helped to deter the Shah's father from setting up a republic and emulating Ataturk, thus encouraging him to set up the Pahlavi dynasty; and Khomeini's previously published political philosophy had been closer to Sunnism than that of the other Shia theologians. He recommended a nondivine base for government, justified only by legal competence and good will recognized apparently in the ordinary kind of way. This clerisy had, it appears, been pushed toward a theocratic republic in spite of itself. The revolution had made it, more than it had made the revolution.

IF IRAN saddens him, Mr. Mortimer feels more hope when he turns to consider the Turkish scene. A murderous theocracy, a provisional (but sine die) dictatorship of scholars waiting for the divine ruler to return, and determined that there shall be no corruption on earth while they wait, is of course less cheering than a country that, though turbulent and violent, seems to be struggling hard to find its national and religious soul. Here the book becomes interestingly personal. In his preface, the author lays bare his personal and political identity. At first I thought he was merely covering himself in the current debate about "Orientalism," about whether Westerners may speak about Islam, which has become very personal. ("You say that because you are a Birmingham Buddhist." "Ah, only a Maryland Methodist would make an accusation like that.") But there is more to it than that.

> . . . for the record let me define myself as a Christian of the Church of England by upbringing and by emotive affiliation, a sceptic by intellectual training, and a social democrat by political preference.

A teasing confession, this: having *nearly* undressed, why does he not go all the way and tell us whether his convictions conform to his emotive affiliation or to his intellectual training? There are two possible explanations (and I suspect, without actually knowing, that both apply). First, the organization that enjoys his affective loyalty is perfectly content with such emotive affiliation, and would even be a little embarrassed by over-eager doctrinal endorsement—this being an attitude expressed with differing degrees of candor by some of its own prelates. Second, it is felt that the broken link between doctrine and sentiment should be decently clouded by nostalgia, ambiguity, and indecision. In simpler language, Mr. Mortimer has refrained from telling us not from secretiveness, but because he has not altogether made up his mind, and the spirit of his church does anything rather than push him toward doing so.

All this is relevant, because Mr. Mortimer is obviously toying with the idea that the Turks might usefully take a leaf from his own book:

> Since Islam was so central to the idea of Turkish nationality, it was natural for Turkish nationalists to proclaim Islam as their national religion and to seek to develop a national version of it. As one of them later put it: We want to construct a Turkish Islam, which will be ours . . . just as Anglicanism is Christianity in a thoroughly English fashion. . . . Why, in other words, should Mustafa Kemal not repeat the achievement of Henry VIII?

Mr. Mortimer spells out some of the reasons why not, but continues to toy with the idea. By way of caution, I'd say that the English compromise took about a century and a half to reach a stable balance, involving a bloody civil war and a couple of coups, not counting the unsuccessful ones. In a much shorter time the Turks have already overtaken the number of coups, and equaled the number of executions of chief officers of state (and probably will have no trouble at all in overtaking that record also), but they have so far avoided the civil war, so they are not doing too badly. And there is no Anne Boleyn in Ataturk's life.

FOR A NATION that does not have much of an intellectual reputation (the Iranians have a saying, "stupid as a Turk"), the Turks have been very assiduous in seeking solutions for their troubles in the works of intellectuals. They were the ones to rediscover Ibn Khaldun, when they first noticed their decline and were seeking a remedy. (There is an irony in this, for the Ottoman Empire is the one Moslem state that is difficult to reconcile with Ibn Khaldun's theories.) Later, they turned to Émile Durkheim for a solution of the problem of identity and cohesion. But I like Mr. Mortimer's suggestion that what they should really be doing is studying the policies of Henry VIII's Archbishop Thomas Cranmer.

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Leading Turkish intellectuals such as Şerif Mardin (whom Mr. Mortimer quotes) would, I think, feel entirely in sympathy with the spirit of this recommendation.

Mr. Mortimer not only deals with the extreme cases of Iranian theocracy and Turkish secularism, but also has chapters about Pakistan and Saudi Arabia (both extremely informative), about Soviet Central Asia (a thin and disappointing chapter), and a packed one about the heartlands of Arab nationalism. Finally, there is also a conclusion.

Here, he asks two related questions, without distinguishing with sufficient emphasis between them. Is there a unique entity called Islam? And will Moslems agree about what it is? He answers both in the negative, and concludes from this (mistakenly, I think) that "Western notions about 'Islam' as a geopolitical force—whether as a menace to the 'free world' or a potential ally against Soviet communism—are fundamentally misplaced." I do not think this follows from the premises, and the premises in turn are questionable.

WHETHER you think there is a unique identifiable entity called "Islam" depends on your theology or your metaphysics, and is not relevant here. That Moslems disagree about the nature of that entity in some measure is beyond dispute, though the precise extent of their disagreement is open to further inquiry. What is relevant is this: Islam is a civilization or a style of thought and feeling that possesses *within itself* a method for deciding this very question: What is Islam, and what are its social commandments? And there is now a fair amount of consensus among Moslems as to what that method is.

The method is to appeal to a relatively well-circumscribed and neatly identifiable revelation, consisting of the Koran plus (a little more contentiously) a not-too-intolerably cumbersome corpus of interpretations, deductions, and "traditions." Most important, the entire corpus is not too heavily burdened by archaic institutional assumptions, or by assertions about the world that are in conflict with modern scientific or historical opinion. The identification and interpretation of this revelation is to be decided on fairly equal terms by those qualified by adequate scholarship, faith in the revelation, and personal integrity.

The important thing about this procedure for identifying the unique entity

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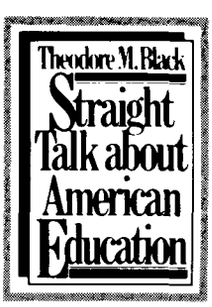

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Islam is that it is largely acceptable to men living in industrial or industrializing, urban or urbanizing, mobile, anonymous, egalitarian, literate or literacy-seeking societies. The method and its social components are attractive in the actual conditions prevailing in Moslem countries, and are consequently suitable media of political mobilization.

It is in this sociological sense that a normative Islam does exist, and has enormous political importance. Moslems possess the means of sustaining the belief, whether illusory or not, that there is a unique faith and a unique implementation of it, and of identifying it without perhaps too much intolerable conflict. That this should be so is the work of the reform movement. The chief element in the method, a kind of egalitarian scripturalism, was once *a* competing element in Islam, but is now *the* dominant one. It is strange that Mr. Mortimer, who opens the book by presenting the reformed vision of Islam as the correct one (thus rather selling short the deviant traditions of the past), ends up by confessing skepticism about the availability of a uniquely correct vision. At a theological level, I have no wish whatever to quarrel with him about this. At a sociological level, what matters is that Moslems have been effectively provided with a means of sustaining and putting into effect the belief in such a unique and identifiable program, and that the method consists of elements that are on the whole congruent with modern conditions and viable. It is this that makes Islam into such an unusually powerful political force, and it is this that must be understood.

ERNEST GELLNER

Ernest Gellner is the author, most recently, of *Muslim Society* (Cambridge University Press).

PORTRAIT OF A LIAR

Katherine Anne Porter: A Life by Joan Givner

(Simon and Schuster, 456 pp., $19.95)

This is the story of a writer who spent far more time on the outward presentation of herself than on the inner pursuit of her art; it is the story of a self-invented, sometimes brave, and often ruthless "personality" who managed to turn a genuine small gold nugget of talent into a gushing currency of adulation that would last her lifetime; it is also the story of the rewards and tribulations of the over-encouraged artist.

Katherine Anne Porter was born Callie Porter in 1880 (which she changed to 1894, until, at age 70, she claimed her true age, saying there were really only three ages: "young, mature and remarkable.") She grew up in degrading poverty, in embarrassingly cramped living quarters, in Kyle, Texas. Well-meaning neighbors sent over cast-off clothing to the four motherless children living with their rather shiftless father and tough grandmother, whom the townspeople called "Aunt Cat," and from whom Porter was to take her new first name. After Aunt Cat's death, the teenaged Porter persuaded the father to borrow money and move them to San Antonio so the girls could have one year in a good school. This was the Thomas School, a small private institution near Woodlawn Lake. The founder, Asa Thomas, knew that his school would be all the cultural training most of these girls would ever get, and he crammed the year full of music, manners, elocution, and memorization of the great poets. Though this one year contributed inestimably to Porter's subsequent "creation" of herself, she bitterly denied ever having been there. ("... [T]here is a rumor that I once went to school in a thoroughly dinky girls school by a lake in the deep suburbs in an unknown area that I was completely unconscious of and which had no definite place in my life.")

She chose instead to have been educated at "a convent in New Orleans," as her fictional alter ego, Miranda Gay, would be. Aunt Cat's barely adequate house she transformed into a vast household, teeming with faithful Negro servants and rich menus and music and books. As soon as she had money, she bought "family heirlooms" from antique shops. She looked up the name Porter, and her mother's name, Jones, in genealogies, and skimmed the cream off the top and annexed it to her "family tree." Her father's middle name had been Boone, and she claimed to be descended from Daniel Boone's brother Jonathan, whose record of descendants was obscure enough for her to get away with it.

After a bit of acting and journalism, an undistinguished marriage, and a bout with TB that would leave her frail all her life, she descended on New York City with her "aristocratic background" and her determination to "write as well as anyone in America one day."

SHE WAS thirty years old in 1920, when she moved into her Greenwich Village flat and decorated it with purple furniture and bright pillows and began to meet and charm the people who would help her make her literary reputation and who were so smitten by her that they would "take up collections" for her whenever she needed to "get away" to Mexico or Bermuda. She was pretty, Southern ("full of old-fashioned airs and graces that made her seem very different from the New Woman one saw in New York at this time . . .," as one influential lover later wrote of her). She had a sharp, often deadly wit that delighted these word-people when it hit its mark, and even Edmund Wilson was "mesmerized" by her tales of her family back in the Old South. During this time she supported herself by hack work, interviewing film stars and rewriting old myths into children's stories, though she was later to deny this period of lowly grubbing.

Nine years later—after flights and sojourns in Mexico, Bermuda, and New England, another disappointing marriage, a series of love affairs, and all the tumults and procrastinations that would be the pattern of her life—she launched her career with a collection of six stories published in a limited edition of 600 copies by a less-than-enthusiastic Harcourt Brace, who had at last given in to the clamorous behests of her influential lover and mentor, Matthew Josephson, and her four ardent friends: Edmund Wilson, Yvor Winters, Allen Tate, and Caroline Gordon. (Several years later, Gordon and Tate got a rejected story of Porter's into the *Virginia Quarterly* by telling the editor he would bring "lasting obloquy" on the magazine if he did not print something by Porter.)

The collection of stories, *Flowering Judas*, was published to very enthusiastic

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reviews, many of which were written by her friends, and, after a rather lavish stay in Mexico (paid for by another "collection"), she and her third husband-to-be set sail for Germany on her Guggenheim. Their ship was the S.S. *Werra*, which was, over three decades later, to become the *Ship of Fools*, and Porter took exhaustive notes on the passengers.

At this point in Joan Givner's biography (which reads almost novelistically, rather like a Southern Becky Sharp's rise to literary power told by an impartial overseer, who can foreshadow or provide links between the life and the work), you will probably want to rush out to the library, as I did, and take out the Porter oeuvre, and see if it will crumble before your eyes, now that you have learned what an outrageous *Hochstapler* Katherine Anne Porter was. (Auden once called her "an absolute crook.")

I advise this. Go get the novel and the stories, and then alternate a few chapters of fascinating, procrastinating, vain, snobbish, lying, irrational, plucky Katherine Anne with, say, whatever story she was writing, or percolating, at the time. (Some of her best stories took decades to brew.) You will learn, as I learned, an interesting lesson: the one D. H. Lawrence expressed when he said, "Let me hear what the novel says. As for the novelist, he is usually a dribbling liar." In Porter's case substitute "stories" for "novel." Rereading *Ship of Fools* is disappointing without all the hype that bullied us twenty years ago. I agree with Givner: Porter's art was in the short story.

> She was perceptive and insightful in depicting characters but she was not able to show them growing, changing, or maturing. Similarly, she could portray incidents that were dramatic or arresting but she was not able to imagine them as causing significant changes in the lives of her characters.

Katherine Anne did not behave well in Germany. So after you have read about her treatment of the young American Jewish newspaper correspondent and his mother, and her "date" with Hermann Goering, it might be a good idea to take an intermission and read "The Leaning Tower," the story that came out of her German years just before World War II. (The character of Hans von Gehring, the student with the dueling scar, is based on Goering and the "political talk" she had with him.) Then, armed with the calm, doomed *veracity* of that story, you can—perhaps—make allowances for the fallibility of the woman who boasts to students in a later chapter of her life about how she "met Hitler" and knew at once he was evil and how she tried to warn the people back home, only they wouldn't listen; or who, furious at a handful of reviewers who dared to criticize her unflattering portrayal of her one Jewish passenger in *Ship of Fools*, went on an anti-Semitic binge, scrawling the following tirade in a book by a Jew: "Everybody except the Jews knows the Jews are not chosen but are a lot of noisy, arrogant, stupid people and then what?"

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Porter returned home from Europe in 1936, began to shed her third (and nicest) husband, and, in one of her sporadic-but-intense bouts of creativity, holed up in a Pennsylvania inn and turned out three stories (two of which were among her best: "Noon Wine" and "Pale Horse, Pale Rider") in twenty-one days. This was her typical working pattern. Sometimes she would go years without writing anything, and then a configuration of images and incidents would coalesce with memory and she would write the whole thing down in a fever.

In the years that followed, she wrestled with the one novel she would ever write. As always, she was enthusiastically encouraged by her friends, who got her houses and grants and jobs when she had used up the advances from publishers for undelivered work. (One of her favorite ways of raising money was to get advances for all sorts of projects, including a biography of Cotton Mather that she promised for over half her life to deliver, and never did.)

The second half of her life accelerates into a dizzying agenda of friends, elaborate dinner parties (she adored entertaining), trips, lectures, another husband twenty-one years her junior, wild purchases of jewelry, clothes, and "heirlooms," a house she could not afford, loans from friends, and love affairs with young men. (We learn who the ungentlemanly tattletale was who gave Truman Capote the material for his salacious short story "Unspoiled Monsters," about a young writer's affair with the elderly lady of letters, "Alice Lee Langman.")

Givner speculates interestingly and

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compassionately about why Porter failed, again and again, to fulfill her professional expectations. Her scanty education had done little to overcome her short interest span: "the kind of perseverance she had developed had prepared her to move forward through a series of upheavals and jolts but . . . not . . . for long, uneventful hours of working doggedly at one task." And also: "Porter's need for love was far beyond the ordinary. . . . she never did resist the temptation to abandon her work and throw herself single-mindedly into one more affair."

Porter's powerful friends, however, kept faith in her for the twenty-two years she labored on *Ship of Fools*. Publishers kept reissuing her stories, or making up new volumes whenever there were a few more, and her friends would give her rave reviews. She was firmly established in the public eye as the American Lady of Letters long before she finally produced her novel at the age of seventy two.

The story of the multitude of ways she found to evade her novel provides a sad but perversely entertaining subplot to the latter half of her biography. We see her rushing off to California, or to Ann Arbor, to teach (modeling a knee-length strand of pearls that cost most of her salary before her enchanted students); we see her recite poetry and speak on the dangers of Fascism at writers' conferences; we read the tempting supper menus she sends to the young man who lived below her in Washington, inviting him to share her fare. One summer, she puts her typewriter in the repair shop and leaves it there until fall. At sixty-nine she has an affair with her forty-nine-year-old eye doctor. She gives frequent dinner parties; here is a guest's description of the atmosphere:

> . . . typical KAP evening at her house last night. It consists of everyone . . . sitting around and listening to her talk about herself. Once in a while she stops and says she shouldn't go on like that but goes right ahead just the same. It makes her feel she has stopped after that. The rules of the game are that you don't interrupt and no one talks of anyone else. You have delicious Jack Daniels whiskey and a marvellous dinner which she does all herself, including home-baked bread. Good wine, good coffee and liquers. Then you listen to a letter---2 pages closely written that is a photostat of one she wrote to someone who sold it before he died and she got a copy and just loves it. Then she autographs a photograph of herself for each one all around the margin saying "To Marcella a souvenir of the house in Q street" all dated and everything to make it easier for you to sell, if you can bear to part with it later on.

Ship of Fools made her fortune, but it was almost like an afterlude to her fame. Though most of the reviews were indiscriminate raves (only Stanley Kauffmann and Theodore Solotaroff kept their heads, expressing some serious reservations), it did not win the expected prizes. Her old publishers, however, issued *The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter* three years later, and it won both the Pulitzer and the National Book Award. Porter lived eighteen more years, writing hardly anything, preparing her posthumous image. She selected the university that would house her papers, approved the furnishings, bought a mail-order coffin that she liked to pose in for her friends. She went to the movie of *Ship of Fools* with the young man downstairs, refurbished her Catholicism (letting the nuns and priests take turns trying on her huge, square-cut emerald ring), and appointed her biographer. She had liked Miss Givner's commentaries on her stories.

What would Porter think of this engrossing biography? Would she have scribbled her typical phrases in the margins? ("Ingrate!" "Damn fool!" "Filthy lie!") Perhaps; perhaps not. After all, Porter herself provided much of the incriminating evidence in her own letters and notes.

It is certain that she would not like to read that all of her work is probably not immortal; but I can imagine her snorting with laughter and sipping a little champagne as she relives her incredible life—and giving herself every bit of the credit for the riveting quality of this book.

GAIL GODWIN

Gail Godwin's most recent novel is *A Mother and Two Daughters* (Viking).

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A DARK ART

The Names
by Don DeLillo

(Knopf, 323 pp., $13.50)

Don DeLillo occupies a relatively sun-lit corner of that school of American writers who might be called Occultists—not because they deal with the supernatural (though some occasionally do) but because they see hidden correspondences between phenomena of the most heterogenous kind. Everything is in code; sometimes the code is to be cracked; sometimes the code is to be compared, structurally, with other codes, all of them equally filled with, or devoid of, significance. John Barth's monumental *Letters* is a good example of the genre. So are Pynchon's *V*, *The Crying of Lot 49*, and *Gravity's Rainbow*. Often such fiction has a pronounced paranoid streak: not only codes but conspiracies abound, and for every conspiracy there is a counter-conspiracy and then a counter-counter-conspiracy that mirrors the first—and on and one in what can seem like an infinite regress.

Occultist novels provide engrossing games for the adept. For others, they are likely to seem static, even airless. From the start DeLillo's fiction has tended in the occultist direction, indulging obsessively in the creation or exploration of correspondences. From the start, too, his novels have been distinguished by a liveliness of style and intellect and an apti-

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tude for vivid description that go far to compensate for the narrative inertia that has overtaken his earlier books. Since *Ratner's Star*, the apogee or nadir of his mirror-game experiments, DeLillo has opened his fiction to the possibilities of more extroverted action. The speeded-up pace in both *Players* and *Running Dog* seems to me all to the good. The two novels present a continually interesting, often entertaining texture, though they are likely to leave the reader eventually numbed by the unrelieved sleaziness and horror of the image of American life they project. The occult is to be found less in correspondences than in the preoccupation with covert organizations, plots, counterplots, spying, and terrorism.

In *The Names*, DeLillo has abandoned the dingy streets of lower Manhattan, where much of the earlier fiction is set, for the sun-struck, glaring landscapes of Greece and the Near and Middle East. The scene shift is dazzling: as always, DeLillo evokes his settings with such precision and sensuous detail that he runs the danger of having them assume a distinctiveness that his characters may lack. But we soon find that the familiar DeLillo weed patch of contemporary malaise, *Angst*, and planned or gratuitous violence is easily transplantable. The major occult element in the novel—there are other, minor mysteries—concerns a nomadic cult that appears variously on a Cycladic island, on a desolate, boulder-strewn peninsula in the Peloponnese, and in the tawny rubble of the Indian desert; earlier, the cult or one of its cells (there seem to be several) has sojourned briefly in Jordan and Syria. The cult is without a name, but it is intensely interested in names—and in alphabets and inscriptions. Its supreme ritualistic observance involves the murdering—by hammer or sharpened stones—of some mentally or physically defective person whose name happens to have the same initials as the place where the murder is perpetrated.

Our guide to these arcana is James Axton, a late-thirtyish American "risk analyst" based in Athens, where he works for a company (part of a huge conglomerate) that insures other multinational enterprises against losses entailed by coups, revolutions, anti-American demonstrations, etc., in the eastern Mediterranean and Islamic world. As such, he is part of a subculture of American "business people in transit" who may be interned in Tehran on one trip or feasted in Abu Dhabi on the next.

> We advised each other on which remote cities were well maintained, which were notable for wild dogs running in packs at night, snipers in the business district at high noon. . . . We knew where martial law was in force, where body searches were made, where they engaged in systematic torture, or fired assault rifles into the air at weddings, or abducted and ransomed executives. This was the humor of personal humiliation.

Axton drinks with his fellow expatriates in Athens, flirts rather chastely with their wives, and pays frequent visits to the island of Kouros, where his estranged wife Kathryn is working on an archaeological dig and his nine-year-old son Tap is scribbling away at a novel. It is on Kouros that Axton first hears of the dirty, bedraggled little group of cave-dwellers encountered in the upper reaches of the island by Owen Brademas, the archaeologist in charge of Kathryn's dig. Are they responsible for the bludgeoning, shortly afterward, of an old man—an event that sets the whole island talking? Brademas, whose major interest is epigraphy, is fascinated by the fragmentary evidence of an alphabet-obsessed cult of killers; so, for different reasons, is a maverick filmmaker, Frank Volterra, an old friend of

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the Axtons who arrives on the island and talks at length to Brademas; and so is Axton himself.

Brademas's own preoccupation with the letters (as opposed to the *meaning*) of inscriptions seems to have roots in a childhood spent in the prairie states, where he attended evangelical services that involved "speaking in tongues"—i.e., the utterance of nonsense syllables in an ecstatic state. As a boy, he resisted the efforts of his parents and the preacher to get him to participate; as a man of sixty he has in a sense despaired of meaning but longs to associate himself with the corrupted ecstacy of a meaningless act. Volterra, on the other hand, wants to film the cult as its members prepare for one of their murders. He is the ultimate voyeur-exploiter, a late twentieth-century sensationalist. The motives that impel Axton to follow Volterra and Brademas at a safe distance, gleaning what he can, are more nebulous. Though he too is drawn toward the deadly vacuum of the cult, he is not prepared to surrender his humanity to the nihilism that Volterra and Brademas in differing ways represent.

Much of this is interestingly and complexly conceived. But the very existence of the cult, which is crucial to the central action of the novel, is never made plausible—at least not to me. While one shouldn't expect a novelist as devoted to the elliptical as DeLillo to spell out all the answers, something more concrete and less arbitrary than what he gives is needed. One craves a bit of history: how did the cult, which, we are told, is not very old, begin? How did its polyglot members, who seem to be vaguely European, ever find one another? In a novel as essentially realistic as *The Names*, there is a limit to what one is willing to accept as "given." Similarly, Brademas, the Conradian figure who ventures furthest into the heart of negation, seems too willed or confected a character, his motivations too theoretical, his dark sayings too pretentious.

The Names is only intermittently compelling as a story, for DeLillo has chosen to pursue other concerns that lead away from the central action. Among the most rewarding of these are the long, somewhat oblique conversations with other members of the expatriate circle, particularly a middle-aged, half-British couple named Charles and Ann Maitland. The talk, revolving around aspects of their uprooted existence, is full of the unexpected and is often witty—as when Axton points out to the adulterously inclined Ann, whom he greatly likes, that love affairs may be functions of geography, of a woman's need to deepen her experience of a place to which her husband's job has taken her and which she will have to leave through no choice of her own. "You want to keep something for yourself that isn't a tribal mask or figurine," he says, and Ann agrees: ". . . I might buy that. Some women have a way of planning their memories." In another conversation, during which Volterra has held forth excitedly on the significance of film, his cynical girlfriend comments: ". . . Film, film. Like insects making a noise. Film, film, film. Rubbing their front wings together. Film, film. A summer day in the meadow, the sky's full of heat and glare. Film, film, film, film." Other diversions—invariably well written—include descriptive set pieces, episodes concerning Kathryn or Tap, chance encounters, random memories of Axton's; even a section from Tap's novel is inserted—its misspellings intact—at the end.

By thus breaking up the story line DeLillo has kept *The Names* from assuming the shape that we conventionally associate with novels of quest or revelation. What he achieves is a deliberate unshapeliness, a sense of fragmentation, menace, and loose ends that seems appropriate enough to our experience of the final, ominous decades of this extraordinary century. What he loses is some of the potential force that a greater concentration of his effects might have produced. I found myself reading *The Names* with much interest and with moments of high delight but with little sense of urgency. And I was left more hungry than gratified at the end. Nearly every page testifies to DeLillo's exceptional gifts as a writer—a writer who has not yet, in my view, published a novel whose total impact is equal to the brilliance of its parts.

ROBERT TOWERS

Robert Towers's new novel, *The Summoning*, will be published by Harper and Row this spring.

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New York Diarist

Marathon Memories

ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24, I ran in the New York Marathon, my first. I completed the course in 3 hours and 46 minutes, which placed me almost halfway in the field of fourteen thousand or so participants. Starting across the Verrazano Bridge on a cool, bright morning, we were met by a fireboat spraying geysers in salute, a cluster of helicopters worthy of *Apocalypse Now*, the inevitable tape of the theme song from *Chariots of Fire*, and a crystalline view of Manhattan across the harbor. I had never run more than half the marathon distance until I won the right to make my debut in this coveted race through the New York Road Runners' Club lottery. Friends had pointed out in July that if my training lagged, I could trade in my place for an assured entry in 1983, but I knew this was a pusillanimous option. If I could not prepare myself to run the race in 1982, why should I be ready when I was a year further into my forties?

FRIENDS HELPED with my training. A fellow historian pushed me to compete in the lovely but demanding 15.5-mile Labor Day race around Cape Ann, which convinced me that 26.2 miles might actually be feasible; another, who had helped plant the marathon bug, listened to repeated anxieties; a student almost two decades my junior, and far fleeter, jogged with me on twenty-mile runs; a college classmate and I circled Cambridge's Fresh Pond Reservoir countless times, relieving tedium with conversation. That camaraderie was shared among the runners on October 24, as we waited, chilly and nervous, for the signal to crowd behind the starting line.

AFTER THE MARATHON BEGAN, the runners became less communicative, and they seemed grimmer than they had in other races I had run. But we were cheered on by the crowds of spectators lining the streets: a few miles down Fourth Avenue in Brooklyn we ran past a burly priest, almost typecast for a 1940s movie about the gruff but street-wise padre, who made the sign of the cross and promised: "A blessing, if you hang in there." There were grinning kids—Spanish, black, and white—holding their hands out to be slapped, bemused Chassidim, a drum and bugle corps, the "Solemusic" band, and a group of buoyant and rhythmic chanters as we swung out of the Bronx and south into Harlem at twenty-one miles: "Still alive . . . and only five."

WHY RUN THIS RACE? New York seemed fitting because I had been a small child there and still retain some sense of it as home turf, even though two-thirds of the marathon courses through boroughs that in my childhood were as remote as Patagonia. Why run this distance at all? Because it is *the* attainment for those of us who take up this compulsive sport, the measure of what can be done. Leave aside the theories of pop psychology. In my case it wasn't simply one of those midlife "passages," or an irrational attempt to deny my body's limits. There was another satisfaction: a sort of revenge, or comeback. I have always been badly coordinated. Only someone who bobbled the ball as often as I did can understand the relief of the seventh-grade right fielder who watches a hit to his teammate in left or center field, knowing that it will not be his fault if the fly is dropped; or the wait to be grudgingly selected as teams are chosen; or the relief at being walked to first. Let me offer up this race in memory of Dudley Hare, who was principal of Quaker Ridge elementary school in Scarsdale, New York, when I went there. Mr. Hare had served as a naval officer in World War II; he appears in my memory as large and handsome, reminiscent of Burt Lancaster. He was one of those admirable, open men who believe in an educated citizenry, who fight our good wars, and who run the institutions that are important. He was concerned about my lack of coordination. While other students tackled homework in study halls, he decided that my body needed all the help it could get. He gave me a softball, had me stand out in front of the school building, not far from the flagpole, and for forty minutes, in full view of my classmates inside, I was to throw the ball up in the air and catch it, over and over. Was this an exercise to prepare me for life? It did not really improve my performance when I was faced with a line drive or the long, arching fly to right field. Was it to show me that academic attainment alone could not guarantee preference in a democracy? Was it to prepare the maladroit for the group dynamics of early adolescence, when cliques are not generally impressed with one's facility with quadratic equations or the capacity to memorize the sixteen verbs conjugated with *être*? My abashment returned a decade later, in the weeks before Christmas 1959, when I was being interviewed for the Rhodes scholarship finals in Philadelphia. I was disarmed by the selection committee chairman, Milton Eisenhower, who flashed that broad family smile and said: "Mr. Maier, you have very impressive credentials, but we do have some doubt about your athletic record." Ike's brother was right to wonder and to discount my mumbled reply about an occasional game of tennis or swim in the pool: Cecil Rhodes had not amassed diamonds and sought to annex tracts of Veldt just to send to Oxford those who had to spend their study halls throwing softballs into the air.

I WILL NOT SAY that Mr. Hare and Milton Eisenhower had the right priorities, but they seem less oppressive now. Is this just a supine acceptance of values that I should never have let "psych" me out in the first place? Is it a short-sighted abandonment of my one-sided concentration on intellectual work, which is, after all, the only way I can make any social contribution whatsoever? (Who needs another mediocre, middle-aged jogger?) I don't think so. I can't say that the last miles of the New York Marathon were fun, but they were rewarding. I'll leave it to George Sheehan and Jim Fixx to proselytize. But I like the sense of having flushed my mind out, of watching colors change with hours and seasons, of being able to talk with companions about frustrations and delights that we can comfortably discuss only on the track, even of competing first in short races and then in longer ones, of feeling that one can wage at least a skirmish in the long, doomed war against entropy, or can retreat with honor. Perhaps my elementary school principal understood that as well.

Charles S. Maier

Charles S. Maier teaches modern European history at Harvard University.

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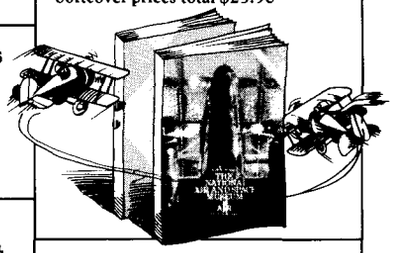

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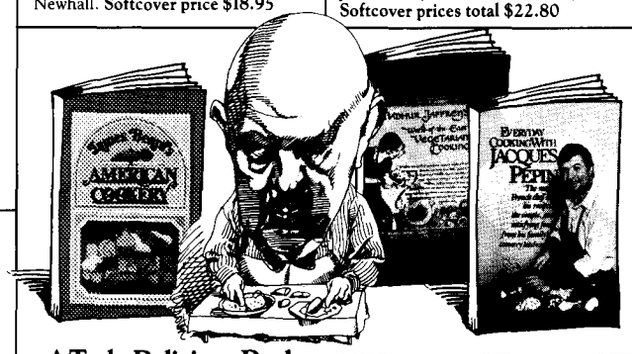

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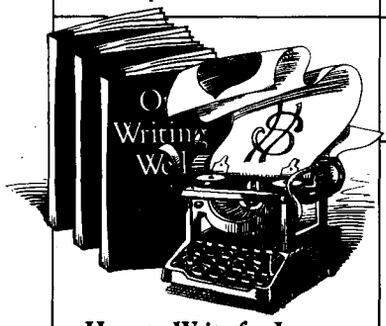

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